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STEAD'S

FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO KNOW

JULY 10th, 1920



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THE IRISH SITUATION

DUE WEST : A Thrilling Tale
of Central Australia
By CONRAD H. SAYCE

SPY HUNTING IN ENGLAND

BOOK REVIEWS
By PROF. MEREDITH ATKINSON

Men of Mark, Caricatures,
News from Everywhere,
Ladies' Pages, Catechism, etc.



DAVID LOW,
In the London "Star."

Registered at the G.P.O., Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

How I Learned at Home to Make My Own Dresses

By ELLEN PURDY CLARKE

A GRAND FREE OFFER

Yesterday, after lunch, I had just slipped into my new blue one-piece dress, and was getting ready to go down town, when the door-bell rang, and who should it be but Janet Whitelaw, whom I hadn't seen for nearly six months!

The first thing Janet exclaimed as she stood in the door, was: "Oh, Ellen, tell me where in the world did you get that lovely dress?"

"I made it all myself."

"But, Ellen!" she fairly gasped; "made it yourself! How—when—where did you ever learn? You never used to sew a stitch!"

"I know I didn't; but I made this dress just the same, and, not only this, but so many other things that I have more clothes than I ever had before."

"Well, tell me this minute how you did it."

So I went to the wardrobe, and came back with an armful of dainty things that made Janet stare in astonishment.

"To begin with," I said, "this dress I have on is a reproduction of an exclusive model I saw in a shop window, marked £9. It cost me exactly 64s. for the materials, and I think they are really of better quality. And here's an evening dress that Jack says is the prettiest thing I ever wore. I copied it from a fashion magazine, and the materials cost exactly 35s. Then I have made two house dresses, four aprons, a taffeta petticoat, and underclothing that I have saved more than £2 on."

"But you haven't told me yet," insisted Janet, "where you learned."

"Well, then, listen and you shall hear. About four months ago I read about a school of dressmaking that had developed a wonderful new plan, through which one could learn Dressmaking or Millinery at home in spare time. I began to think how much it would mean if I could make my own clothes; so I wrote to them. They explained everything free, and told just exactly how you could learn every step, even though you had no experience whatever. Why, think, Janet, more than 9000 women and girls have already learned to make their own clothes and hats by this new plan. You see, it doesn't make the slightest difference where you live—in city, small towns, or in the country—all are learning with the same success as if they were together in a class-room. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Well, I took it up, and I soon realised how easy it is to learn without leaving home.

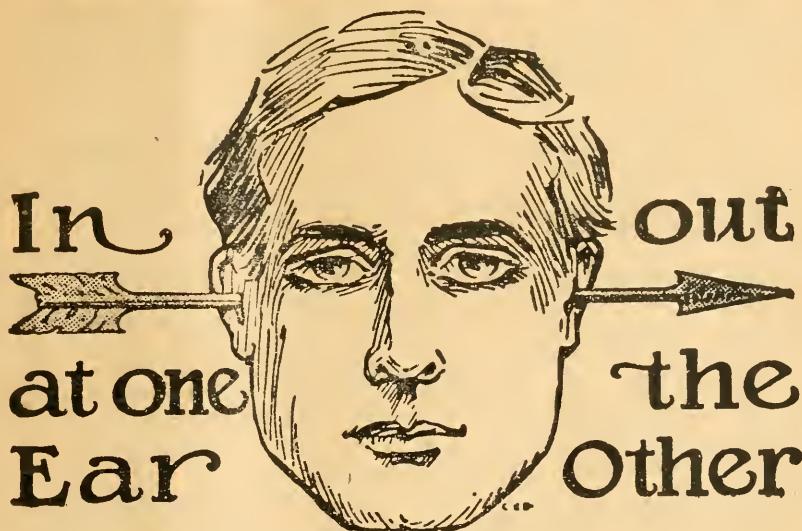


Every step is explained so clearly, and there are hundreds of illustrations to show just exactly what to do."

But Janet broke in right here: "Ellen, this is wonderful! Tell me how I can learn all about it myself."

So I told her that if she would send to the Associated School of Dressmaking, Sydney, and would tell them that she was most interested in learning Dressmaking or Millinery at Home, they would send her by return post absolutely without charge all particulars of the marvellous Associated System. And if you, my dear reader, would like to know more about how you can have more and prettier clothes or hats, and save money, as I am doing, I suggest that you, too, write promptly, being sure to mention STEAD'S REVIEW, and state whether you are Mrs. or Miss. SEND NO MONEY; simply state whether you are interested in Dressmaking or Millinery, and send your name and address NOW, to the ASSOCIATED SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING, 10, Canberra House, 295-7 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.

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(Sgd.) Cyril W. Gudgion,
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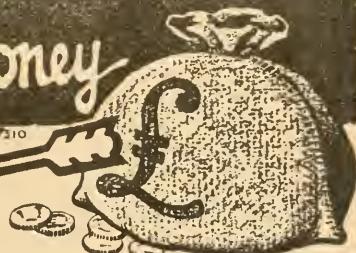
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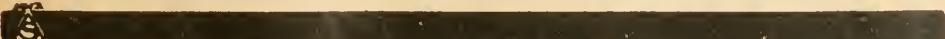
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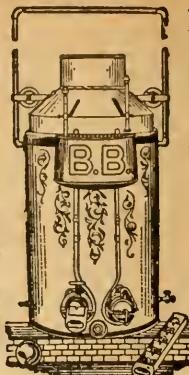
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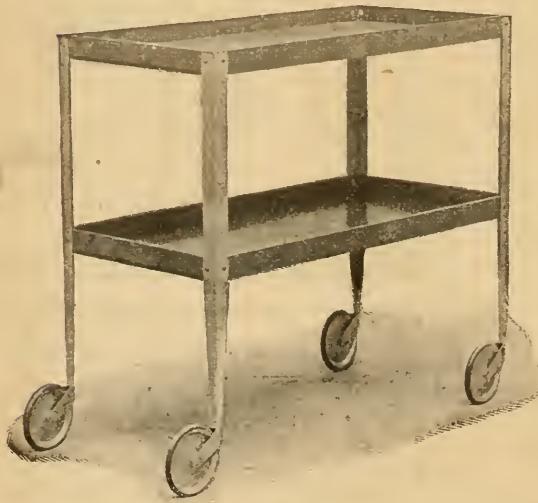
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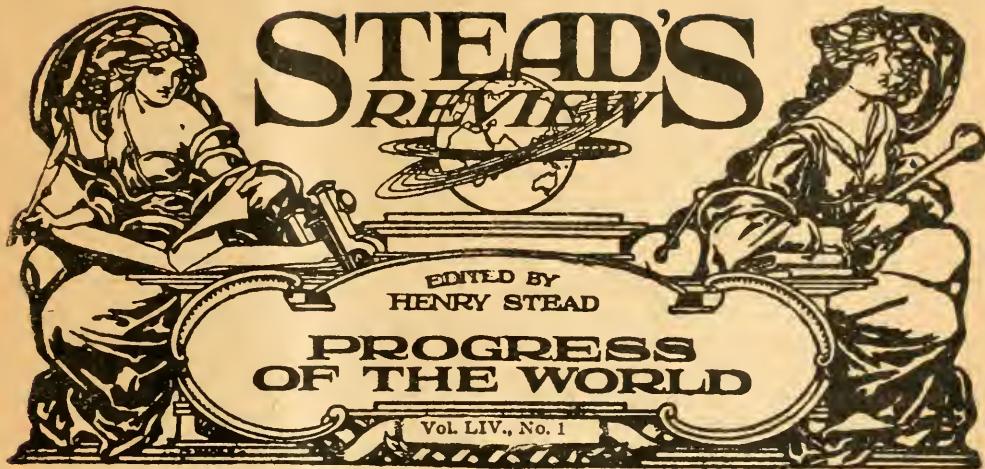
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JULY 3, 1920.

Cutting Up Turkey.

Although little notice has been taken of the matter in the papers, the intervention of Greece in Asia Minor is actually highly significant. The Allies, wrangling over the cutting up of Austria, the crushing of Germany, and the upsetting of Lenin, have altogether neglected Turkey for almost two years. All they did was to carve the Sultan's empire up amongst them—on paper—and to hold on to those parts of it where they were in actual occupation. They decided not to eject the Ottoman from Europe, but to allow him to remain in Constantinople, although they promptly occupied that city. After long delays they finally managed to agree on the terms of the Treaty which was to be dictated to the Porte, but, after being presented, the document appears to have been hastily withdrawn for revision, owing to protests, not of the vanquished Turks—though these were violent enough—but of Italy. Meanwhile the Turks, emboldened by the long inaction of the Allies, regained their morale, and, rising from the sick bed, which was to have been used as the dissection table, began to try their strength by forays and expeditions into territory nominally un-

der the control of one or other of the Allies.

The Turks Resist.

The success which attended these led to the gradual formation of a considerable army, under men pledged to maintain the Turkish Empire, and oppose the carving-up operations of the Allies. It is easy to understand how the disbanded soldiers of the formidable Turkish armies which operated during the war, thrown on their own resources, flocked to any leader who promised them food and plunder. Mustapha Kemel Pasha, a man of ability, and apparently enjoying the confidence of the Turks, is directing the Nationalist movement. His troops are somewhat foolishly referred to by our papers as "rebels." They are actually Turkish regulars, although the nominal Government in Constantinople, under the thumb of the Allies, has no control over them whatever. Mustapha Kemel, just after the Turkish elections, which gave the Young Turk, or Nationalist Party, a great majority, sent a strongly worded protest to the Allied Powers against their barefaced violation of the Armistice terms, and asserted that their continued occupation of cities and points of van-

tage in Anatolia, would inevitably lead to a conflict. The complete failure to recognise the existence of any national sentiment in Turkey, he went on, must bring catastrophic results. His protests were entirely ignored, and, as a result, he appears to have come to the conclusion that the Allies would listen to nothing but force. He thereupon got to work to gather an army, entered into negotiations with Lenin, and obtained the active support of Turks throughout Asia Minor.

Initial Success for Kemel.

His first operations were against the French in Cilicia. Successful in forcing our Gallic Allies to retire to the coast, he next turned his attention to the Greeks, whose occupation of Smyrna he so bitterly resented, as being a direct breach of the Armistice conditions. The Greeks assert that they held their own, but other reports suggest that they were driven back on the city. Although definite news about the happenings in Trans-caucasia is not available, the Young Turks seem to be acting in alliance with the Russian Red Guards there. Finally, Mustapha Kemel began a drive towards Constantinople, and reached Ismid, a town some fifty miles east of the capital, situated on an arm of the Sea of Marmora. The attack he launched against it was evidently unexpected, and the Indian troops holding the place suffered severely. They had to be rescued, in fact, by the Gordon Highlanders. British warships hastened to the spot, and we are told that their mighty guns inflicted much slaughter on the Turks, a statement which the experiences of the late war must cause us to entirely discredit.

Venizelos' Great Opportunity.

Now, obviously, the position of the comparatively few British, French and Italian troops in Asia Minor was becoming precarious. The Turks were far more numerous, were fighting with a fanatic spirit of patriotism, were operating in their own country, were supplied with plenty of weapons, as there had been no general surrender of arms. Neither Great Britain nor France was at all disposed to send troops to the Levant, and embark on what would apparently be a troublesome war. Italy was fully occupied in the Balkans, and, in any case,

it is doubtful whether her people would have permitted the despatch of troops to Asia Minor, to help France and Britain get their chestnuts out of the fire. But to meekly abandon their spoils to the Turks would involve a terrible loss of prestige, which neither country dared face. To them, in their grievous dilemma came Eleutherios Venizelos, virtual dictator of Greece. Obviously here was his golden opportunity, and his astute mind caused him to hasten to offer Grecian armies to rescue French and British troops, to coerce the Turks, and to get for the Allied Powers those large territories which they had allotted to themselves in the secret agreement made during the war, but which, despite their defeat of the Turkish armies in 1918, they now found it impossible to hold.

Greeks to the Rescue.

A division of Greek troops was sent post haste to the aid of the hardly pushed Anglo-Indian force in Ismid. Other divisions were landed at Smyrna, and were rushed inland for some ninety miles, to Philadelphia. There they appear to have fought a pitched battle with the Turks, whom they totally routed. Their cavalry is said to have rounded up 8000 prisoners. Other towns fell before them, and success everywhere followed their arms. To-day, however, the Turks report that they have captured Pergama, taking prisoner several thousand Greeks. Thus far, Athens is silent on the matter. Pergama is a town forty-five miles due north of Smyrna, close to the sea. If this Turkish report be true, the position of the Greeks at Philadelphia is likely to become very difficult. It is, however, the political, rather than the military aspect of the situation which is the most important at the moment.

But What is the Price?

Venizelos did not offer his armies for love of France and Britain. After the disillusionments of the war, no one now believes in any country acting from humanitarian or philanthropic motives. The pound of flesh is always demanded in some form or another. The United States, it is true, entered the war to make the world "safe for democracy," and, having made the Allies' victory possible, would not share in the spoils. The Americans certainly did regard the

struggle as being one for a great principle, which, to some extent, perhaps it was. The trouble in Asia Minor, however, is over no principle at all. It is purely a scramble for Turkish territory. The need for safeguarding the Syrians is mentioned at times, but there is far more need of safeguarding the Armenians, who are being quietly left to their own devices. In a rather sordid attempt to despoil the Turks of their most valuable districts, the Greeks would indeed be fools if they did not insist upon heavy payment for their services, and Venizelos is no fool. He is, on the contrary, the astutest statesman in the whole of the Levant. What bargain did he strike, one wonders, before he sent his legions into Asia Minor?

Gain Already Won.

Long before the Allied troops there were in any peril Greece had been allotted Thrace and Epirus, Smyrna, and all the Turkish Islands not claimed by Italy. She had obtained Adrianople, and the Bulgarian ports on the Aegean; her new territory even reached the Black Sea. What more does she want? No doubt she would like the Dodecanese Islands, which have been handed over to Italy, but, as the Italians are in actual possession, the Allies could not expel them to install the Greeks. Smyrna, and what is known as the Smyrna Enclave, an area some 120 miles long and forty miles deep, embracing all the best fruit-growing districts, is to become theirs. They are apparently to have complete charge of it, under the usual mandate disguise, for the next five years. Then, if the people by referendum approve, annexation may be formally completed. Presumably, Cyprus would be asked for, but that fertile island would not be sufficient reward for fighting Turkey.

Is It Constantinople?

The Greeks have long wanted Constantinople, which they regard as theirs by right of first possession, and it may well be that, in return for Grecian help, in their designs on Turkey, the Allies may hand the Golden City over to Greece. They have had great difficulty in deciding what is to be done with the capital, and with the Dardanelles. The present solution is that a Commission, appointed by the League of Nations, should

control the Straits, and that the Turks should remain in possession of Constantinople. But the League is not now a factor in the European settlement, and the Allies have already shown that the Turks are not going to be trusted in their capital. To hand the whole neutral zone and Constantinople over to the Greeks is an easy way out of the difficulty. I should be greatly surprised if Venizelos' price is not the mighty city on the Golden Horn. Roumania would not like it, nor would Russia and Bulgaria. But protests from these countries would not carry any weight just now. Those of Italy, however, would have to be regarded, and the Italian attitude towards the whole matter is highly important.

What Will Italy Say?

Already Italians have objected to the notable grants of territory made to Greece in the Balkans. They do not like the occupation of Smyrna by Greece, and they do not approve of the handing over of all the Turkish Islands, north of Patmos, to the Hellenic Government. What are they likely to say if, in addition to all these districts and Islands, Greece is given the Levantine Metropolis, and the key to the Black Sea? It is difficult to see what notable concessions France and Britain could give Greece which would not be resented by Italy, even if they do stop short of Constantinople. Yet the dispatch of a Grecian division to rescue British forces at Ismid, and the arranged invasion of Anatolia by a Grecian army, demonstrates clearly enough that Venizelos has got something he regards as very much worth while. The significance of the arrangement seems to me to be that it must necessarily estrange Italy, must send her further along the road towards an understanding, first with Austria, and then with Germany, on which she is already travelling. If Grecian help is purchased at such a price France will soon deeply regret it, for the possession of Syria would be poor compensation for an estranged Italy, actively sympathising with a Germany which France would crush.

Trouble in Albania.

Italy herself is now involved in a struggle somewhat similar to that developing on a larger scale in Asia Minor. The Peace Treaty presented her with

Avlona, and gave her a mandate over the greater part of Albania. The southern portion, Epirus, has been annexed by Greece. The Albanians strongly resent having any overlord at all, and, finding, like the Turks, that force is the only method of securing what they want, they proceeded to attack the Italians, and, their action being unexpected, they managed to drive their foes out of the country. Avlona alone, protected by the guns of warships, was able to resist their assault. Now we learn, in an unconfirmed cable, that they have managed to wrest this last stronghold from the Italians. They cannot hope to retain it, or indeed to prevent the Italians from overrunning their country if the Government at Rome sent an army across the Adriatic. There are plenty of soldiers available in Italy, but the people of that country are demanding a far greater voice in the conduct of affairs than they have ever done before. It may well be that they will refuse to let themselves be embroiled in a war which will bring them little real gain, and plenty of hard knocks.

Can Giolitti Hold the Army?

We hear of the mutiny of such petted troops as the Bersagliari, who, when ordered to Albania, seized the barracks, and turned machine guns against the troops sent to arrest them. If these men refused to go and fight the patriotic hillmen of Albania, others would probably do the same. The Government is likely to go very warily in the matter, and it would not be surprising if it merely concerned itself with the recapture of the coastal towns, especially Avlona, and left the Albanians unmolested in the hills. Giolitti, the present Premier, announced the other day that the war debt of the country was £4,000,000,000, and declared his intention of seizing all war profits—a proceeding which would greatly popularise him with the people. So, too, will his announcement that trade relations with the Soviet Government of Russia are to be at once begun. Giolitti was a strong advocate of the Triple Alliance in the old days, and he is sure to favour the lenient treatment of Germany now.

Hungary and Russia.

The boycott of Hungary has brought about the resignation of the reactionary

White Government, which was set up under the auspices of the Allies. We are not told what new authority is now in control, but it is probably a far more liberal one, for we learn that Hungary is now being looked on with suspicion by the Bucharest Government. We must not forget that it was the Roumanians who upset Bela Kun, and who, having, plundered Hungary of everything movable, have every reason to dread the establishment there of any government not directly subservient to the Allies. If the Roumanians again invade the country, we may anticipate Russian intervention, for, although there is no love lost between the Magyars and the Russians, Lenin and his confreres are internationalists first of all, and desire above everything to spread their Bolshevik ideas in other countries. A Hungary again invaded would become a Soviet Hungary, and would appeal to the head of the great and successful Soviet Republic across the Carpathians for help.

The Expected Polish Debacle.

The silence from Warsaw concerning the Polish offensive against Russia is as eloquent as would be reports from that city. When things were going well with Pilsudski, we heard daily about his achievements, silence means that things are now going ill. This is confirmed, if any confirmation were needed, by wireless messages from Moscow. These are chiefly significant, because they mention the places where engagements have taken place. These are far behind the Beresina line, and in rear of Kieff. The latest message claims that the Russian infantry has reached Rovno, in Volhynia, 180 miles due west of Kieff. Either the Poles must have fled headlong from the Ukrainian capital, or they are in imminent danger of being surrounded there. If the Red Guards have come from the South, they must have the Ukrainian forces with them. I have always held that Pilsudski could never count on the active help of the Ukrainians, as a whole; the only allies amongst them he could have were the men who had rallied to Deneckine, and they were little worth. If the Russian advance goes on as rapidly as cables disclose, they will speedily reach the Bug, the natural frontier of Poland. Lenin has shown himself very anxious to

make peace with the Poles, but they would have all or nothing. Forced back on the Bug, they will no doubt be disposed to accept any reasonable terms, and, although we have become accustomed to entirely unreasonable ones being dictated by victorious Powers, the Soviet Republic has shown a different example in the treaties it has made with those it had defeated. It is quite possible, therefore, that, after they have thrown the Poles back beyond their proper frontier, the Russians may make peace with them. In that event, the large forces massed to smash Pilsudski, would be available to help the Hungarians, should need arise.

In the Caucasus.

Meanwhile, a new leader, General Wrangel, has appeared in the Caucasus, and, as usual, he is achieving brilliant successes against the Bolsheviks. Every attack against them, when first delivered, does well; but when Trotsky has had time to get his Red Guards to the spot, they always drive back the new enemy. It takes time to assemble the necessary forces, but ultimately they get there. The fate of General Wrangel is not likely to differ much from that of his predecessors, although he will, perhaps, not be as lucky as Denekine, who escaped with his life. He has enemies behind him, as well as in front, for the British would not have hurriedly evacuated Batum had the Bolsheviks not been approaching it in force. We know from Mr. Bonar Law, that British blue-jackets were captured by Red Guards at Baku. Presumably, therefore, the region south of the Caucasus is in hands hostile to the Allies, and therefore hostile to General Wrangel, whom they have supported. In Persia, things are evidently not going well with us. A Persian Soviet Government appears to have been set up, and Russian troops are near Teheran, possibly they are already in the capital. Great Britain seems to have a firm hold, though, on south Persia and its oil wells.

Mesopotamia to Become Independent?

It is surprising to find the Civil Commissioner in Bagdad, Sir A. Wilson, referring to the British mandate for Mesopotamia as if its terms had been already definitely laid down. If he was correctly reported, this is the first of the mandates

to be given, and it cannot possibly have had the approval of the League of Nations, which it is understood was to have granted it. According to the Commissioner, the mandate provides for the development of Mesopotamia as a self-governing State, and sets out that when this was able to stand alone, British supervision would come to an end. No doubt some people will take this proposal seriously, but those who have any knowledge of the rival factions in the country, and of Arab methods of government, are well aware that there is not the slightest chance of Mesopotamia "standing alone," far less, indeed, than there is of Egypt, which, after forty years of British control, is still declared quite unable to rule itself. Yet the Egyptians were actually governing themselves when the British took charge, had been doing so, more or less successfully, for centuries, whereas the Arabs of Mesopotamia have had practically no share whatever in the government of the country for hundreds of years.

Right Man in the Right Place.

Colonel Wilson mentioned that Sir Percy Cox is to be chief British Representative in Bagdad, and he is undoubtedly the best man for the post. He will no doubt gather round him men like Colonel Mudge—who did so well as Allied Administrator in Cilicia before the French took over the territory—Colonel Leachman, former Governor of Mosul, and other tried leaders, who have either been dropped by the recent administration in Bagdad, or have resigned in disgust. Although Colonel Wilson had a good deal to say about the political evolution of Mesopotamia, he preserved entire silence on the question of irrigation, and other developmental schemes. As I have before pointed out, Great Britain does not intend to spend money in Mesopotamia; she is merely in occupation to prevent anyone else being there.

The Fate of the Aland Islands.

The future of the Aland Islands is greatly exercising the minds of European diplomats. The Finnish Parliament some time ago granted the islands home rule, but apparently a large number, if not a majority, of the islanders desire union with Sweden. The group of islands, some 300 in number, occupies a

highly strategical position, as it commands the entrance to the Gulf of Bothnia, the Gulf of Finland—on which are situated Petrograd and Helsingfors—and also the entrance into the port of Stockholm. The Alands belonged to Sweden until 1809, when, after the last war with Russia, they, with Finland, were surrendered by the Swedes to the Russians. Great Britain strongly objected to fortifications being erected on them by the Tsar, and seized the opportunity offered by the Crimean War of destroying the fortress of Bomersund, which had been established there. In the peace which concluded that unfortunate struggle, it was definitely set out that "the Aland Islands shall not be fortified, and that no military or naval establishments shall be maintained or created on them." It appears that Russia broke this stipulation not so very long before the outbreak of the Great War. The Finns declare that the islands belong to them geographically and strategically, but the Swedes maintain that they were originally peopled from Sweden, and belong ethnically to that country. Russia is, of course, vitally interested, Great Britain probably much less so than formerly, but still enough concerned to refer the question of their future to the unfortunate League of Nations, which can, of course, do nothing in the matter beyond give advice no interested party need take. Presumably pressure will be brought to bear on Sweden, and on Finland, to come to some agreement desired by the Supreme Council.

The Spa "Conference."

The coming meeting between Allied and German representatives at Spa is still referred to as a "conference," but apparently the German delegates are to be summoned there merely to be handed the decisions of the Allied Council, which are at present being arrived at in Brussels, where consultations are taking place between British, French and Italian leaders. If that is all Spa is to witness it is hardly worth the bother of going there, for the Brussels decisions could easily be sent by courier to Berlin. If the Germans are not to be given any opportunity of arguing their case, and arriving at some sort of mutual agreement with Allied representatives as to repar-

ation payments, and the like, no real progress in the settlement of Europe will be made save that, instead of the indefinite sum demanded hitherto, as reparation, a fixed figure will presumably be adopted by the Allies. Dr. Fehrenbach has successfully formed a coalition Ministry, and, assured of the support of the Moderate Socialists, will be able to command a respectable majority in the Reichstag. The Allies ought to help him to retain power by agreeing to modifications of the Peace Treaty, as, if he fails to lighten the conditions under which the Germans are living, he will fall, and it will hardly be a moderate who succeeds him.

"Hang the Kaiser!"

Elections for President of Germany are to take place soon. Those who have visited the country bring away the impression that if Hindenberg stands he will easily secure election, this despite the fact that there is not the slightest desire on the part of the people to bring back the old military domination. Mr. Lloyd George, whose battle cry during the 1918 election, was "Hang the Kaiser," has apparently decided that it is time the farce came to an end. In reply to a query in the House, after a cheap sneer about the Kaiser being the questioner's friend, he declared that the Allies did not propose to bring pressure to bear on Holland to surrender him. As every statesman knew perfectly well that Holland would refuse to do what England under similar circumstances would also never have agreed to, the whole business was a make-believe to gull the public and win an election. It is significant, too, that, after all the denunciations of the submarine commanders, and the demands for their trial and execution, all who were captured by the British, with one exception, have been allowed to return to Germany.

Japan and the Bolsheviks.

Just as the Allies' intervention in European Russia roused the Russian mob to acts of violence, and so gave excuse for further intervention, so in Siberia, by a similar course, the Japanese and Russians are getting deeper and deeper into conflict. It was hardly to be expected that Japan's attacks should be accepted without retaliation. She oc-

cupied Vladivostok, the commercial capital of the region; her armies took control of railways, not only in Eastern Siberia, but in the Chinese territory of Northern Manchuria (where the Russians had held the railway concession); she was proceeding to disarm the Russians, as she established herself in authority; and she continued to support Hetman Semenoff, a Cossack chief, who is credited with outrages comparable to Denekine's worst, and who appears to be thoroughly hated by the Russian and Siberian people. The Japanese blew up one of the most important bridges on the Eastern Siberian railway, and the conduct of their troops towards Russians along the Chinese Eastern (Manchurian) railway was so bad as to call forth a protest from the Foreign Technical Board, representing America, Britain, France and other nations.

The Nikolaevsk Massacre.

After occasional acts of retaliation, a Russian mob appears to have arisen in force at Nikolaevsk, and to have attacked the Japanese residents. Since the beginning of May, reports of this attack have been coming through from official Japanese sources. In the past few days the cables have stated that popular feeling in Japan is becoming excited over the details of the massacre. One of the exciting details is that the Japanese Consul and others are reported to have taken their own lives by the traditional method of bowel-ripping, rather than submit to their assailants. English papers coming to hand from Japan and China represent this massacre as a comparatively trifling affair, and entirely due to Japanese provocation. Thus *The Japan Chronicle*, of May 13, after quoting two Japanese reports that there were still 130 Japanese surviving at Nikolaevsk, said that these accounts made the "massacre story look rather sick." (The earlier official report stated that 270, practically the whole Japanese population, had perished). The *Shanghai Herald*, of May 22, said of the Japanese at Nikolaevsk: "They have a strong force brought by sea, who are commonly reported to have killed large numbers of non-combatants before they took possession of the town, all because many Japanese, who joined up with the Whites, to fight against the Reds, were killed." It is difficult to learn the pre-

cise facts, but it seems certain that the Japanese residents at the place were attacked, and many murdered. It is quite certain the Japanese militarists are following the lead of their Western brethren in holding up every such outrage as a deed of the Bolshevik Government, and so inciting the populace to support the policy of intervention, against which there has been much agitation in Japan. Japan's Siberian policy is of especial interest, as bearing directly upon the negotiations for a new Anglo-Japanese alliance. Japanese papers favouring the alliance argue that Britain and Japan have a strong bond of unity in the common danger from Russian Bolshevism.

The Democratic Convention.

The choice of the Democratic Convention now meeting in San Francisco has not yet been made. Mr. McAdoo is evidently the favourite of the Wilson party, which seems to be dominating the proceedings, but it is very unlikely that he will secure the nomination. Things are too mixed for him to get an immediate majority, and if he fails to do that a compromise candidate is almost certain to be chosen in the long run. In any case, it does not make a great deal of difference who is selected, a Republican victory being almost inevitable. The growing feeling that, although there should be total prohibition of spirits in the United States, light wines and beers should be permitted, was reflected in the convention. It also declared against America taking any part in the Irish controversy. It was one of Mr. McAdoo's proposals, by the way, that the United States should agree to the postponement of the payment of interest by the European Powers on money advanced them during the war by the Americans. We hear a good deal of criticism of America nowadays on the ground that she has benefited financially to an enormous extent by the war, the suggestion apparently being that Great Britain has not. As a matter of fact, of course, Britain has won far more out of the struggle than anyone else; for not only has she destroyed a formidable commercial competitor, but she has also acquired huge territories, the world over, formerly owned by Germany and Turkey.

America Forgoes Interest.

The United States no doubt did win financial rewards, but she won them as a neutral, not as a belligerent. After she entered the war, she spent huge sums on building a merchant marine, to defeat the submarine, ran her railways at a heavy loss, so that she might rush through the supplies England and France and Italy stood in such great need of, and lent her Allies vast sums at a rate of interest, no higher than that at which they obtained money in their own countries. Now, instead of pressing for this interest she has agreed to allow it to be added to the capital for a couple of years, in order to lighten the load the European countries have to bear. People are quarrelling with the Americans for not cancelling the loans altogether; but surely they cannot be serious in the suggestion that we should accept so great a present from our cousins across the water! If we do believe they ought to write off our debts, we ought also to advocate Great Britain writing off all the loans she has given her Allies, on which they are apparently now paying interest. The postponement of interest payments by the American Government reduces the revenue of the United States by no less than £100,000,000 annually.

Troubled Ireland.

The chaos in Ireland continues worse confounded. The struggle between the Ulstermen and the Nationalists in Londonderry kept the city in turmoil for over a week. The Government troops appear to have watched whilst the rival factions fought and killed each other. Presumably that is the best thing they could have done, as any interference would have been regarded as open favouring of one side or the other. An element of comedy was introduced in the tragic business by the capture of Brigadier-General Lucas by the Sinn Feiners. Some of his soldiers, enraged at the coup, raided and pillaged the town of Fermoy. The General's captors are now holding him to ransom, demanding £40,000, the amount of the damage done to Fermoy by the soldiers. That amount will, presumably, have to be paid either to the Sinn Feiners or to the town by the English taxpayer. Meanwhile no settlement of the Irish problem seems possible. The new Bill has again

been held up by the Government, and further attempts at compromise are apparently being made. The determination of the Sinn Feiners to accept nothing short of complete independence and the determination of the British Government not to grant it, seem to bar the way to reconciliation. The action of some of the men in the Connaught Rangers, stationed in India, who refused to carry on their duties because of the British treatment of Ireland, is significant. Irishmen the world over are watching the struggle of their brothers at home with the greatest sympathy, and British statesmen now realise that they have to do not merely with the Irish in Ireland, but with those in the United States and in all the Dominions. It is a far bigger question than it used to be.

Mr. Watt's Resignation.

Whilst the publication of the cables which have passed between Mr. Hughes and Mr. Watt fail to clear up the position, they do demonstrate that the Treasurer was justified in saying that he had not been kept fully informed, and that vital matters had been dealt with behind his back. It is true that there is not any particular cable to which one could point as justifying him in taking so drastic a step as the throwing up of his mission on behalf of Australia. There is ample to warrant a Minister resigning if only his own feelings were concerned, hardly enough to warrant his taking such action when by so doing he leaves the whole Commonwealth in the lurch. At the same time, if one goes from the particular to the general, one must admit that the cables have a cumulative effect tending somehow to convey the impression that Mr. Watt, engaged on a task where prompt action and definite decisions were required, was so much on a leading rein from Melbourne that he felt himself constantly checked and embarrassed. We have, of course, only had the official cables and Mr. Hughes' special pleading thus far. Until we hear what Mr. Watt himself has to say it would be foolish to pass judgment.

More to Hear.

Mr. Hughes cites many cases in which when he was in Europe he was checked and interfered with by Mr. Watt, and says in effect, "I stood all this from you, but, Australia's vital interests being at

stake, did not throw up the job, whereas you, charged with a highly important mission, resign when far less is done to you than was to me." That sounds very well, but Mr. Hughes naturally is silent about those cases in which he did as he liked, and presented his worried colleagues here with *faits accomplis*. The comparison Mr. Hughes makes, whilst it shows the Prime Minister thinking always and only for Australia is not very relevant to the present affair. One feels that there is a good deal more to hear when Mr. Watt gets back. It is now clear, of course, that the two men cannot both hold power in the Commonwealth. Which of the two is likely to disappear in the end from the Federal arena?

The Nauru White Elephant.

Apart from the present controversy the cables are interesting, for they lift the veil a little, which has hitherto shrouded the activities of Mr. Hughes in England during 1919. It appears that he and Sir Joseph Cook had arranged with Sir Lionel Halsey to take charge of the Australian navy, but the Cabinet here objected on the ground of expense. (He was, I believe, to have had a salary of £5000.) Mr. Hughes, according to him, would have concluded a far better arrangement with the British Government about Nauru had he not been interfered with by Mr. Watt and his colleagues. He evidently thinks that he could have successfully opposed the demand that Great Britain should share in the spoils, and receive part of the phosphate deposits. One would like to know just what did happen about Nauru, for when he spoke of the agreement as made in the House, Mr. Hughes lauded it up to the skies. At present, of course, it is expected that the Australian farmer will get his phosphates far more cheaply than formerly. I shall be amazed if, after a couple of years of Government control, he is not paying far more for it than he ever did before. The place is going to be a white elephant yet.

New Zealand Notes.

The problems of the coming slump in prices are receiving some attention. The chairman of the Bank of New Zealand, at the annual meeting, gave warning that the high war-time rates for the

Dominion's produce could not be expected to continue. He regretted the inflation of land values, and hinted that a drop of 25 per cent. in the prices of produce would bring disaster on many a highly-mortgaged settler. Since then the associated banks have announced that their terms for advances to dairy factories have been made much more strict. Referring to the Banks' decision at the National Dairy Association's meeting, at Palmerston, the chairman said this tightening of money would have an ill effect on the industry. It would especially retard the development of backblocks factories. Most of the factories in New Zealand are run by farmers' co-operatives.

For butter and cheese a good market seems fairly well assured in the coming season. Consequently the producers demanded to be released from the control of the British Government. Other producers, whose goods were likely to fall in value, had wished the Home authorities to continue buying at a fixed price. If both requests had been granted, the family man in England would have been sweating to pay full market price for New Zealand butter, while as taxpayer he would likely have been paying a subsidy above the market price to New Zealand meat vendors. The Home Government has apparently decided to let the markets take their own course. However, the butter is not to be sold this season through the London middlemen who handled it before the war. The producers have preferred a wholesale deal, through the agency of the Co-operative Wholesale Society.

Parliament proposes to raise the salaries of its members by a modest £100, so that in the Lower House £400 would be paid, and in the Upper House £300. The move is made openly, after due announcement in the Governor's message. Consequently the legislators have avoided any such fierce opposition as has been stirred up by the somewhat shady process of the "grab" in Australia. In fact, some editors are declaring that the present salary of £300 for representatives is grossly inadequate. Their support of the rise, however, is not entirely gracious, being based largely on the fear that, if members lack proper payment

from the public purse, they will find less decent means of eking out a living.

A Committee of Defence has been set up to report confidentially to the Minister on problems of defence and important policy matters related thereto. The committee consists of Generals Chaytor, Russell, Robin and Richardson, Commander Williams, R.N., Colonels Esson and Smythe. The Navy apparently has not a very large say.

The Defence authorities have decided that preparations for aerial warfare would not at present justify large expenditure. However, an Air Board has been appointed, including three military members, one naval, two representing the Postal Department, and three from other public services. The establishment of aerial mail services is being discussed.

The increase of cargo-pillage is troubling shippers and importers, and, to some extent, the public, who have to pay indirectly for what is lost, as well as for what they buy. The disappearance of 41,000 pounds of sugar from six shipments at this time of shortage is hard to understand. Insurance companies have raised their rates on pillage risks, and some decline to insure more than 75 per cent. of the value of cargoes.

West Australian Notes.

After touring the far Nor'-West for six weeks, the Parliamentary Party deputed by the Commonwealth to report on the suggested northern railway, returned full of wonderful descriptions of latent wealth and opportunities. That there are millions of acres of the most fertile soil lying idle in the valleys of the great Fitzroy and Ord rivers is now known to many Australians. But there is a vague notion that these tropical regions are an inferno of heat, blacks, flies and other plagues. We now have it on the authority of Mr. Hobler, Engineer of Ways and Works in the Commonwealth Railways, and several politicians, that those regions are not only well watered, picturesque, and covered with succulent pasture, but bracing and healthy for white people to live in.

The huge West Kimberley Plain, extending from the sea 200 miles east, is now owned and worked by about half a dozen graziers. Given tolerable communications this district, if subdivided

and improved, should support many thousands. Just now the plateau is one waving mass of splendid fodder grasses, up to three feet high, and waving like corn. In the East Kimberleys, in the early 80's the centre of a big mining population, great metalliferous wealth is likely to be won again. But they, too, are crying out for the plough and the stockman's whip. Vast areas, the size of kingdoms elsewhere, are held and kept idle by a few men, often absentees. It is clear that nothing but roads and railways can open up this great storehouse of wealth. Whether even the Commission's sanguine reports of the North-West will materialise the northern railway is doubtful. It is a far cry from Spring street to the Kimberleys.

The salary controversy between Government and the civil servants has resumed a bitter tone. Again the bolder spirits in the camp of the "pen-pushers" counsel direct action as the only means of obtaining satisfaction. Cabinet answers by pointing to the Commission which is now at work, reclassifying the whole service. The civil servants reply that by the time the recommendations have been framed, examined, and acted upon, many of their numbers will be quite indifferent to increments, as they will be starved to death. The treatment of the lower grades is certainly unjust. And it is difficult to see how drastic increases can be withheld much longer from the clerical workers.

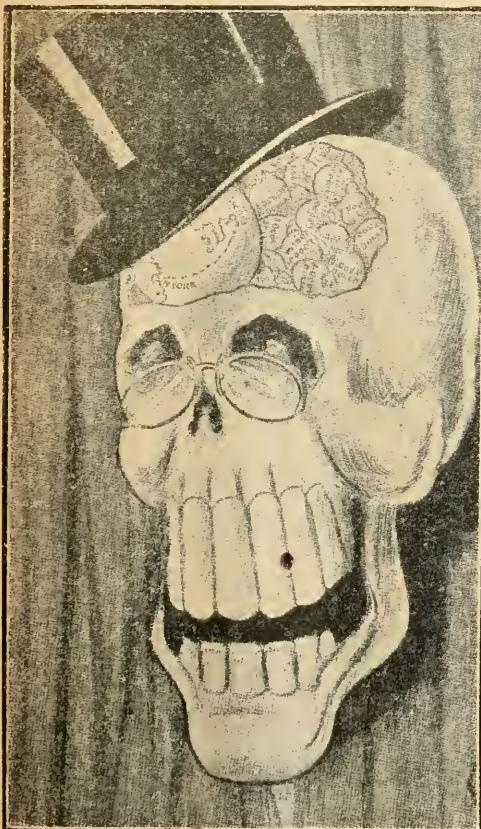
There is evidence of growing dissatisfaction with the Mitchell Government among farming circles. Many ominous notices of motions for the approaching F. and S.A. Conference are coming in from country branches, foreshadowing severe censure of the Government, chiefly on the score of the recent increases in fares and freights. In some quarters the immediate withdrawal of the Country Party Ministers from the Government is advocated. As six out of the eight Cabinet Ministers are farmers, such a step would mean the immediate disruption of the Mitchell regime. It is improbable, however, that such a drastic step will be chosen. Rather may a non-confidence motion by the Country Party be expected when Parliament meets again.

HISTORY IN CARICATURE



• • • • • Oh wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see ousrels as ither see us.—BURRS. (E)

The hatred with which President Wilson is regarded in Italy, is well shown in the cartoon below. In Germany, where the people regard him as their betrayer.



II 420]

[Florence.
"Even after my death will be found engraved on my brain my programme of peace."



News of the World.]

[London.

BLOWN OVER.

The cloud which overshadowed, for a brief space, Anglo-French relations as a result of the occupation of German towns by our Ally, has now been dissipated.



Evening News.]

[London.

THE BOY WHO TOOK THE RIGHT TURNING.



Hvepsen.]

Changing Its Name Won't Make It Any Sweeter.

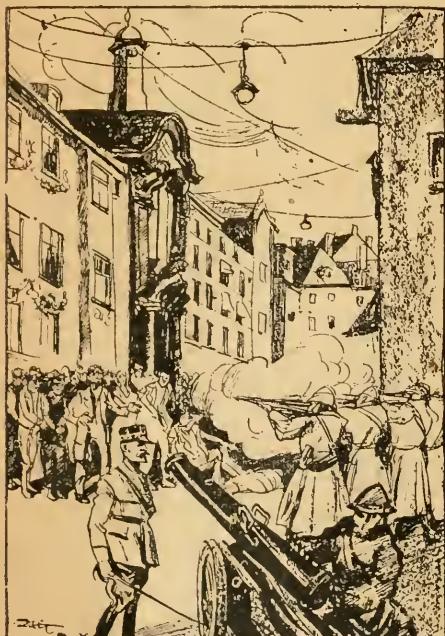
it is said to be hardly safe to mention his name.



Wahre Jakob.]

THE INDIFFERENT BYSTANDER.

Neutral cartoonists regard the French occupation of Frankfort in a very hostile manner.



Hvepsen.]

SAMARITANS.

France is taking energetic steps to relieve the hunger problem in Germany.



Wahre Jakob.]

THE DRAGON SLAYERS.

The dragon slain—peace comes again.



Nebelspalter.]

MICHEL'S BOOTS.

"I can polish them as much as I like, but I can't wear them."

The *Nebelspalter* shows Germany vainly trying to polish its boots marked



Nebelspalter.] [Zurich.
JOHN BULL'S NEW HAT.



Evening News.] [London.

PLAYING AGAINST "BOGEY."

HERR JUNKER: "I must have a full set of clubs. Dot feller will take a lot of beating."

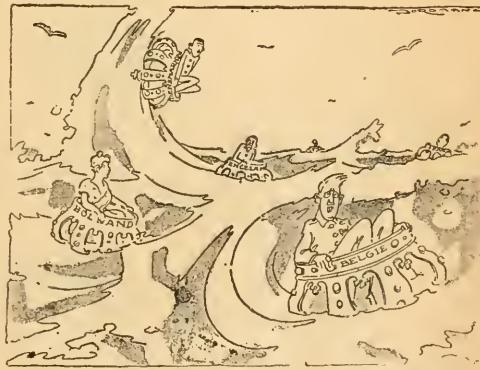
respectively "Militarism" and "Socialism."



De Amsterdamer.] [Amsterdam.

AT SAN REMO.

LLOYD GEORGE: "I see a good menu, but I think we shall find the German steak rather tough."



De Notenkraaker. [Amsterdam.
STORMY TIMES.
Good Seamanship Needed.

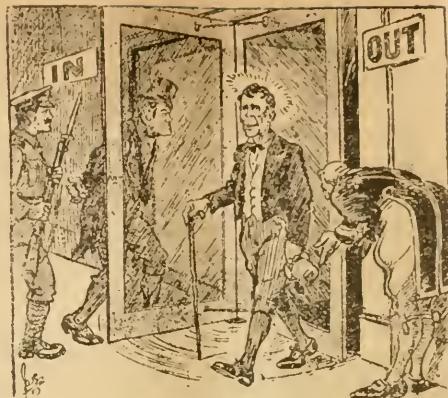


Passing Show.]

[London.

STRENUOUS LIVES.

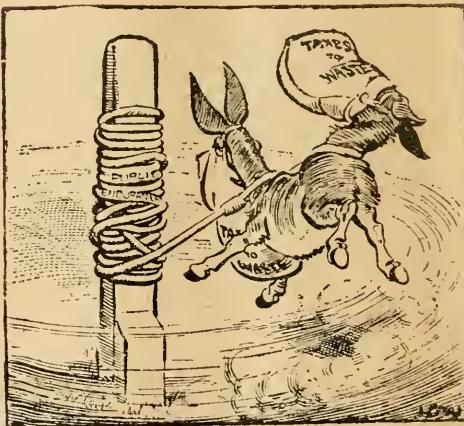
The Chancellor of the Exchequer energetically extracting the profits from the profiteers.



The People.]

[London.

THE EVER OPEN DOOR



The Star.]

[London.

NEAR THE END OF THE TETHER.



London Opinion.]

[London.

JOHN BULL: "Confound it, Austen, I can't afford to keep on feeding these voracious pigs! Why the deuce don't you kill them off?"



News.]

[Detroit.

AFRAID TO CHANGE THE TUNE.

RANDOM REFLECTIONS, JUNE, 1920.

By HENRY STEAD.

Looking round at the beginning of another half year one realises that the boom time which followed the end of the war is rapidly passing. Money which was very plentiful indeed in 1919, is getting scarcer. People are consequently less inclined to spend lavishly than they were, and this hesitation on their part is already causing a drop in prices as the hoarders, fearing to be left with heavy stocks unsold, hasten to get rid of what they have at lesser profit. There is a general tendency to look the situation in the face, and such inspection necessarily brings caution. The comparative failure of the big auctions of wool, the action of the British Government in notably reducing the price of meat, are sign posts it is impossible to ignore. In my article on "Popular Delusions" in our last issue, I indicated the reasons why, in my opinion, prices of certain products must fall. On the other hand there is an undoubted shortage of many necessities, and there is no hope of the prices of these falling until the re-establishment of manufacture, trade and commerce in Europe and Russia is complete.

Of course there is now no hope of anything being as cheap as it was before the war. The rise in wages permanently sends up the cost of necessary raw materials, and this increased cost, plus higher wages, further adds to the cost of factory production. But wages have gone up, not because the workers want to save money, but because, the cost of living having mounted so greatly, it was impossible for them to exist on the old scale. The value of money in goods has gone down and, therefore, everyone needs more of it than before on which to live. But although prices will remain permanently higher than they were before the war, the proportion between wages and salaries on the one hand, and goods on the other, will be much the same. Once we have adjusted ourselves to the loss of value in money we will not notice the higher prices, but we feel

them badly whilst that adjustment is taking place. Inflated prices though—for wool, for wheat, for meat, for leather—will have to drop very greatly to bring them back to their proper relation to wages. What we have to realise is that the community at large, and producing factories in particular, must get on to an altogether different basis, because the sovereign to-day will only go as far as did 10/- six years ago.

For many months after the signing of the Armistice war work went on. Subsidies were paid. Munition workers had money to spare, soldiers were in possession of deferred pay, and were drawing sustenance allowances. After the stress of war, people were anxious to spend their money. They have done so, and now they must economise. Governments, too, after a most prodigal era of squandering borrowed money, find it necessary to hold their hands, for, in addition to inevitable expenditure on ordinary services, they have to find the money to meet gigantic interest payments. Taxes, instead of being lightened, as anticipated, remain at war level, and in England, at any rate, will have to be increased when the sale of "war stores" is completed.

The more one looks into the position, the more convinced one must become that every Allied nation will yet have to pay bitterly for the unnecessary blockade of Germany after the Armistice. This blockade at first seemed to play perfectly into our hands. It effectively prevented the starting of German factories whose products might compete with ours; it depreciated the mark, and made it practically impossible for the Germans to buy raw material; it broke the spirit of the Teutonic peoples. It, in effect, seemed to completely remove all danger of German competition in world markets. For those anxious to secure these markets for Allied manufacturers and merchants, the blockade during 1919 seemed wholly successful. But there is now a growing feeling that the

elimination of Germany is a mistake. An increasing number of people are advocating helping the Germans to their feet again. Why? Because they realise that a crippled Germany is dragging down the whole world, and that the continued failure of German factories to produce is directly damaging Great Britain. They miss their best continental customer, and are anxious to get her back again.

The collapse of German industry and the refusal to trade with Russia are directly responsible for the high price of sugar, of paper, of flax, of steel, and of the hundred and one things which Germany makes and which Russia grows. Until German factories get going and Russian ports are opened, there will be shortage of sugar, and butter, and paper, and linen, and wheat, and eggs, and oil, and all manner of other things in England, France, and Italy. Mr. Hughes' policy of refusing to trade with Germany is being demonstrated more and more ridiculous as day follows day, but fortunately the leaders of other allied countries are not so foolish and shortsighted as is the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth in this matter. The post war blockade brought Germany to a state far worse than existed when the war ended. It not only completed the starvation of the children and the crippling of the middle-aged, but it also made it far less possible for the Germans to meet their Treaty obligations.

Much has been said and written about the Treaty of Versailles, and it is most frequently compared with the Treaty of Vienna which ended the Napoleonic wars and redrew the map of Europe. It is rarely, if ever, pointed out that there is a fundamental difference between the two. The settlement at Vienna was a plan mutually agreed upon by victors and vanquished. The Peace of Versailles on the other hand, bears a close resemblance to those which Napoleon made during his later years. It is a Napoleonic peace all through—dictated to a defeated foe incapable of resistance. The arrangements made at Vienna lasted for many decades. Those dictated by Napoleon were in the waste paper basket in a year or two! Although it was the

blockade which exhausted the remnant of Germany's strength, it is the Treaty provisions which prevent her rallying. The mischief of the blockade has already been done, but the crippling provisions of the peace can yet be modified.

English manufacturers have already learned what shortage of coal means, but England has actually ample supplies available. Germany formerly had much more than her factories needed, but owing to the loss of the Saar mines and the threatened loss of the rich fields in Silesia, her coal production is far below requirements. If, as a result of the plebiscite, Poland gets Silesia, there will not be enough coal won from German mines to keep the factory wheels going. Unless they do begin to turn, and to some purpose, there is no hope of the Allies getting those heavy reparation payments they still insist must be made. German industry in the main was based on coal and iron. The rich mines of Lorraine have been acquired by France, and the mines of Silesia may go to Poland. Unless the Allies make some arrangement whereby the Germans can obtain ore from the Briey Basin and Silesia, German industry cannot possibly revive. The Germans cannot get the iron ore from France in the open market, owing to the adverse exchange, but the probabilities are that they will get ore from Silesia—by force, if need be.

By depriving Germany of all her merchant ships the Allies further crippled their late enemy. The Germans can have as much shipping space as they can use, of course, but owing to the drop in the value of the mark, it will cost them ten times as much in freight charges to send their goods oversea in neutral and Allied ships, as it would have done to send them in their own. Instead of preventing the Germans from building and buying ships, to replace those they have lost, the Allies, if they are really anxious to get reparation money, ought to encourage such efforts.

Much of the misery and starvation in Germany is caused by the breakdown of transportation, yet this is aggravated by the forced surrender of her best locomotives and rolling-stock to France. Many of the engines surrendered are apparently of little value to France, but they would have greatly helped in the rehabilitation of the German transport

system. The Germans have endeavoured to utilise aircraft for the conveyance of mails and light articles which the railways were unable to handle expeditiously, but the Allied order for the destruction of all aerodromes and the surrender of all aircraft, prevents this substitute for rail carriage being used. And so it goes on right through the chapter. Every attempt of the Germans to cope with the terrible situation in which the blockade left them, appears to be checkmated by the Allies, who yet demand heavy payment on account of reparation.

During the war those who declared that we must never, no, never, again trade with Germany erected a gigantic bogey of German competition which they bade us gaze on. Before the war, so we were told, the Germans had won their high place in the commercial world by crooked means, by subterfuge and by the lowest of methods, and we were warned that unless an embargo were placed on German trading, wicked enemy traders, by the same means, would foist the huge stocks they had accumulated during the war on all our markets. Those who attempted to show that the bogey was nothing but a bogey, were laughed to scorn, but to-day no one believes in the tales of heavy stocks massed during the struggle. Nor is much credence given to the tales of crooked doings by Germans in commerce.

As a matter of fact the world happened to stand in great need of one of the things German factories were said to have been producing at a great rate namely, dyes. Instead of refusing to allow these to come into their markets, the Allies went so far as to demand the immediate surrender of great quantities. They went further, and sent agents to Germany, long before Peace was officially declared, with instructions to buy up all the dyes they could. They had millions at their disposal, but they could not get anything like the supplies they wanted, for the simple reason that there were none.

The children of the world have been clamouring for toys for the last five years, and despite the protests of toy-makers in England and France, no sooner was the Armistice signed than buyers of toys rushed to Germany to get supplies. They found plenty, and bought them all up and placed orders

for so many that if the German factories were able to get coal and transport they would be kept busy for many years. But outside of toys, it does not appear that the Germans have accumulated stocks of anything. What there was available was not sent by German merchants to capture foreign markets, but was eagerly snapped up by English, American, French and Italian traders, anxious to supply an already existing demand in their own home markets.

As for the German trading methods, those who, before the war, had to do with German export houses will tell you that their treatment of their agents was excellent, that their goods were up to sample, that they were open to any suggestions for the adaptation of their goods to local conditions, and that they gave long credit. It was because of these things, and the quality of their goods, that they got world markets, not because of crooked dealing. Of course, any thinking man would know that a trader who did not act straight, whose goods were not up to sample, who cheated and got orders by unfair means, would speedily be found out and would lose his custom. But in war-time it was almost criminal to think. The very fact that German trade went up by leaps and bounds was proof of the excellence of German goods and the straight dealing of German traders. The competition English traders had to meet was not unfair. That it was dangerous was not because of underhand and unscrupulous methods, but because of the excellence of the goods made in Germany, their cheapness and the efficient business ways of those who handled them.

If the Allies insist on the Germans carrying out the terms of the Treaty, what will happen? I have often touched on this question, but it is becoming daily clearer to me that such insistence must inevitably drive the Germans into the arms of the Russians. Letters I have had from Germany all insist that there is not the slightest chance of the military party ever again getting control, but there is the constant danger of the Spartacists jumping the Government. Apparently the Kapp *coup d'état* upset the Spartacist apple-cart for the time being. The extremists, with active Russian assistance, were planning a bold stroke when Dr. Kapp and the Baltic Army went to Berlin. The gene-

ral strike defeated him, but it also held up the Spartacists. If conditions do not better in Germany, however, the latter will try again. They themselves are not very powerful, but they have the Russians behind them, and the German people, seeing no hope of having their crushing burdens lightened by the present Government, will more or less passively let the extremists have a try. A union of a Soviet Germany with a Soviet Russia would so seriously menace the rest of Europe that, instead of busying themselves with coercing Germany, the Allies would have to see to their own defence. The Treaty would be torn up, Poland would be overrun, Bela Kun would again come to power in Hungary, Austria would unite with Germany, Czecho-Slovakia would be isolated, the Roumanian peasantry would rise, the revolutionary movement in Italy would be heartened, and France and Great Britain would face a hostile Continent in arms.

If, however, saner councils prevail, and the Allies, instead of heaping difficulties in the path of the moderate German Government, now in power, try instead to make that path easier, there is a chance of peace in Europe. Undoubtedly the German people, as a whole, are anti-Bolshevik, and only if they saw no hope for them save in an alliance with Russia, would they permit the extremists to seize control of the country. Years ago I pointed out that if the Allies demanded great money payments from Germany, instead of prohibiting her trading throughout the world, they would have to foster her industries, and themselves act as agents for the pushing of German goods the world over. That is really the position, but the attempt to make Germany pay, and at the same time try to cripple her industries, has brought about a state of affairs so serious that Allied assistance to Germany may now be too late to avert a catastrophe.

"STEAD'S" TO BE INCREASED IN SIZE.

WHEN the war began the paper on which STEAD'S was printed cost 2d. a lb. That paper can only be obtained, in very small quantities, to-day for 1/3d. a lb! The paper on which this issue is printed now costs 11d. per lb. in the open market. In addition, the cost of printing has mounted by quite 33 per cent. during the last five years.

Thanks to having purchased large supplies of paper, we were able to avoid increasing the price from 6d. for a long time, but some months ago we were obliged to make STEAD'S 7d. Now we are faced with the need of further raising the price to 9d.

Actually the present and the last two numbers have cost more to produce than we obtain for them, but, having undertaken to make good the loss of pages in the strike numbers, we did so. We have thus kept faith with our readers who so loyally stuck to us during that trying time, and, having done so, now feel free to increase the price to 9d. with the next number.

At this price we will be able to give a magazine containing 16 more pages than does this issue. It will include all the new features started in the June 12th number, and others as well.

We feel sure that our readers, recognising the heavy cost of production, and the many difficulties we have now to contend with in securing supplies and the like, will admit that the increase to 9d. is fully justified, and will continue to purchase and read STEAD'S.

We might add that, even at 9d., STEAD'S remains the cheapest notable magazine on sale in Australia. Almost all the English magazines now cost 1/- or more, and few of them have as many pages of reading matter as STEAD'S. The American magazines are still more costly, nor is there any prospect at all of any magazines—English, American or Australian—being reduced in price.

Remember, next issue (July 24th), 9d. It will be crammed with useful information, and will contain many special articles on matters of the highest interest. Order it at once!



CONRAD H. SAYCE.

THREE men were sitting round a camp-fire smoking. They had met that afternoon by one of those strange chances which bring men together without any prearrangement, from the four quarters of the Central Australian desert. It was evening, and the fire and the men around it were the only sight and sound of life. Now and again, when someone stirred the fire for a suitable stick to light his pipe, or when Wee—I, the black boy, put on a few dry twigs, the blaze sent back the tide of darkness for a moment and weirdly lit the boles and branches of some dead mulgas; but the night flowed back again quickly in long silent waves. The camp-fire was as isolated as a star, as any of the myriad points of light that seemed so far away in the clear night sky, and all around was space, dark space; and if any one had moved away from the fire, he would have been lost to the others as utterly as if he had indeed fallen into some vast and soundless void.

There was Flannigan, the trooper from Susan's Well, sprawling his six feet of well-knit manhood in the sand;

Due West.

A Tale of Central Australia.

By Conrad H. Sayce.

and Tenkes, the manager of Maryvale station; and Brown. None knew much about Brown, an ignorance which he used laughingly to assure his friends was shared by himself. He was tall and broad but thin, probably made so by his strenuous wandering life, for a man might run across Brown anywhere from the pearl-boats at Broome to the opal fields of White Cliffs, and a tale was told—not by himself—of a record camel-trip from Belmman in the south to where the Roper empties its muddy tropical waters into the Gulf of Carpentaria. The unsteady flame made many shadows on his lank, clean-shaven face, with its deep broad chin, high cheek bones and eyes set far apart and unusually large. They were striking eyes, for, whereas those of most white men of the desert became pale with the sun, Brown's remained dark and slumberous as if they were occupied with some inner vision which other men did not see.

Desultory conversation had turned to the curious things that are sometimes found in Central Australia. Flannigan had told a yarn about a skull he had picked up in a disused hut on an abandoned cattle-station. The thing had a bullet-hole right through the forehead, and the trooper had been giving his reasons for thinking it was—to use his own phrase—the top-piece of a white man. Then Tenkes who fancied himself as a geologist, told of a huge bone he had come across in the bed of a dry creek. "Not fossilised, mind you; just the bleached bone, fifteen feet long and as thick as my waist. Some prehistoric monster, no doubt. That'll tell you how long this country has been dry, for a bone to keep good for all time!"

No one spoke for a time after that, and then Brown unbuttoned a pouch on his belt and felt for something. He did not take it out, but began talking as

if to himself, "Yes, a chap picks up strange things sometimes. Very strange. And though he knows nothing about them, they may make a hell of a difference to his life."

"Yes," agreed the trooper, "I suppose they may. Though after I'd reported the skull to Headquarters nothing happened. You see, there's no knowing how old the thing was, or whether niggers may not have carried it about with them from some other part of the country. They do that sort of thing, you know."

"I see," said Brown in the same introspective voice, "but I picked up something once which.....which was so unimportant in itself, yet as startlingly unexpected, that it upset my ideas about lots of things I thought I knew." He lit his pipe, altered his position a little, and began:—

"You know the back track down from Abminga, the one that goes past Grey water-hole and out over Dingo Plain? I was with a mob of about five hundred Gold Crown horses on that track just before the '92 drought broke. The country was very bad. It was absolutely impossible to stick to the ordinary stock route, so I kept west and got on pretty well, considering. The mob was the last of the Gold Crown stock. The station dried clean out. Franklin had it at the time, you know. Poor beggar; he's cooking now on the station he used to own.

"Have you ever driven perishing horses? Then you know what it's like. They were as poor as wood and I had to nurse them along, finding little dry patches of feed and letting them camp on it till it was eaten out. Of course, water was the chief difficulty, but we didn't do too badly; I only lost a couple of hundred whereas other men lost the lot. They used to rush at nights. During the three weeks I was with them they only had about four quiet nights. Perishing horses sometimes are like that, you know, but it was no joke for us I can tell you.

"Old Sam Blucher was with me. He was head stockman on Gold Crown station at the time and was going down to town with the horses. Then there were six black-fellows, good boys, all of them; do anything for Sam. But, try as we

would, those horses rushed night after night. And always west, mind you—that was strange—always west. It didn't matter how carefully we selected the camp, or how well they settled down at sunset, it was a certainty that something would set them going before morning. Those girls who write poetry about the joys of a drover's life, ought to have heard the poetry that Sam Blucher got off his chest when he was galloping on the wing of those wretched horses in the middle of the night. And they always cleared out due west.

"We reached Bore Creek at last. That was where we first struck the overland telegraph line. There was still about three hours of daylight left when we put the horses on camp that afternoon, and Sam and I rode in to the telephone station to order trucks at Pandoora. Men didn't order trucks in advance that year, the season was too bad. No one knew if he'd have any stock at all by the time he reached Pandoora railway station. Drovers just got together as big a mob as they could and started south, and only began to think about trucks when they reached Bore Creek. The chances were that a man'd lose a lot more between that and Pandoora, but he had some idea at any rate.

"Ben McPherson was keeper of Bone Creek at that time. Do you know Ben? He's up at the Katherine now, doing well, I hear. Grog, you know, he had a wine licence when he was at Bone Creek, and the number of different kind of drinks that used to come out of wine bottles at Ben's place would astonish you.

"We sent the wire. Three hundred was the number, so I ordered trucks for two fifty. If we did manage to reach the railway with more than that, we could jam them up tight in the trucks; poor beasts, it might save them from falling down. We turned in at the bar after a time, and had a couple of drinks. Sam was a pretty steady chap, and 'pin-kie' never appealed much to me. Ben had something on his mind, but, like a Scotsman, he couldn't part with it; but when we turned to go outside, he beckoned me to stay behind. He leaned over the counter and whispered, 'Know anything about dead men, Mr. Brown?'

(Continued on page 49.)



The fares on London tramways have been further increased.

The rationing of butter in Great Britain ended on the 1st of June.

English is to be made an obligatory subject in the schools of Lithuania.

Last year, nationalisation certificates were granted to 1417 aliens in Great Britain.

The Germans, through a Dutch firm, have purchased 1,000,000 tons of maize in Argentina.

The French Government has issued one franc and fifty centime notes, to meet the shortage of silver.

Up to the end of April, Germany had handed over to Belgium 2,265 locomotives and 77,985 other vehicles.

The Southern Rhodesian Legislative Council is urging the establishment of responsible government in Rhodesia.

The conscription of labour in Russia was confirmed by decree of the ninth Soviet Congress at Moscow, in April.

Direct taxation in Great Britain is now £14/7/- per head. Higher than in any other country of the world to-day.

The Ruhleben race-course, which during the war, was used as an internment camp, was re-opened for racing in May.

During the last ten years, the population of Canada has increased by 2,315,000, that of Australia by about 800,000.

The trouble with the cotton weavers in Liverpool was settled by their being given an increase of 28½ per cent. in wages.

The decision of Switzerland to join the League of Nations was made after a referendum had been taken upon the matter.

The printers in London have demanded an increase of 15/- a week in wages. In Scotland, they have asked for 22/6.

The credit of £4,000,000 granted to Belgium last year by the British Government has been renewed for a period of twelve months.

The Maharajah of Kashmir, who was to be paid £170,000 by the Government for the services of his troops overseas, has cancelled the debt.

20,000 tins of milk were presented to Hamburg and Berlin by the Chilian Government on behalf of Chilian ladies, for distribution to orphans.

The new railway which is being constructed between France and Spain across the Pyrenees, is expected to be in full working order in 1923.

The Supreme Council has instructed Germany to destroy all military aerodromes, one hanger alone being retained for an international air service.

When the French occupied Frankfort, they seized all the large hotels for their use, and quartered a great number of officers and soldiers in private residences.

The Select Committee on National Expenditure reports that an increase in the price of sugar to 1/3 per pound is necessary, if a subsidy is to be avoided.

Two of the leading daily papers of Vienna, the *Morgen*, and the *Neue Tag*, were forced to suspend publication in May, owing to the high cost of production.

Austrians are now being invited to enlist in the army of their late enemy, France. A recruiting station for the Foreign Legion has been opened at Vienna.

The Churches Commission in London advocates the destruction of no fewer than 19 churches within the city limits. Strong opposition is developing to the proposal.

The interruption in the sending of messages from the Moscow wireless station, during the Polish advance in May, was due to mechanical, not revolutionary, causes.

During the six months ending on March 31, goods received from Germany in Great Britain, and classed as wholly or partly manufactured, were valued at £2,432,202.

The decline of shipbuilding in Japan since the war, is shown in the following comparison: Tonnage under construction in March, 1919—114,941; in March, 1920—45,340.

Before the war, the postage required on letters to any part of France was 10 centimes; in 1919, this was increased to 15 centimes, and early this year a 25 centimes stamp had to be used.

For the promotion of trade between Britain and Austria, an association has been formed in England, called the Anglo-Danubian Association, Ltd. It has the approval of the British Government.

The British Government has increased the price of household coal by 14/2 per ton, and industrial coal by 4/2. This is to provide for the £40,000,000 annually required by the increased wages to be given to miners.

The new scale of salaries of assistant teachers in London elementary schools fixes a minimum of £200 per annum for men and £187/10/- for women. Men's salaries can rise to £425 per annum, women's to £340.

During the war the American Government took over the telegraphs and telephones. In working them, it was involved in a loss of no less than 14,000,000 dollars. This has had to be made good out of public funds.

It now costs three times as much to send a telegram in France as it used to. Formerly the charge was only 5 centimes (½d.) a word; it now costs 15, and the old minimum price has been raised from 50 centimes to 1 franc 50.

Several holders of War Loan Stock in Great Britain have sent their scrip to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for

cancellation. Two men who wish to remain anonymous, have benefited the country by £130,000 each in this way.

Law students who profess socialism are to be excluded from the universities and law colleges of New York State in accordance with a resolution of the Association of Law Instructors. Socialist are to be refused admission to the bar.

All the German ships taken over by the United States Government during the war, have now been sold to private firms. During the week ending April 10, the Shipping Board sold 28 vessels for \$1751,065 dollars—11 of these were German boats.

Miss Hobhouse, one of the Save-the-Children workers from London, on her visit to Germany, came across children clinics whose milk supply for 95 children was 1½ litres (about a quart) per day, and which were absolutely without linen or soap.

French newspapers, which were sold at two sous, have been obliged to increase their price to three sous, and it is expected that, owing to the rising cost of paper, the prices will go still higher. Many of the small newspapers are ceasing to appear.

The aerial postal rate, Paris from London, is 2/6 per ounce, but this is too high for ordinary commerce, and if it is not reduced the service will be a financial failure. A much cheaper rate being charged for the aerial post between England and Holland.

Before the war, paper used by the daily journals in France cost 13 francs for 100 kilos. The same weight now costs no less than 320 francs; but even at a price twenty-five times greater than that of pre-war days, it is very difficult to get adequate supplies.

During a strike at Butte, U.S.A., a body of citizens fired into a crowd of strikers, killing one and wounding fifteen. The leader of the attacking party was associated with the Anaconda Copper Company. The strikers had been accused of threatening strike-breakers.

Formerly it was possible to send telegrams in Paris on Sunday from almost any post-office; now there is only one open on that day. It is situated in the Place de la Bourse. A huge crowd of people, anxious to send telegrams, besieges this particular office every Sunday.

MEN OF MARK.

THE FATHER OF REPUBLICAN CHINA.

Dr. Sun Yat-sen is probably one of the unhappiest men in the world. He has lived to see how little real gain has come from the great revolution to which he devoted his life, and to which many of his followers sacrificed themselves. Eight years ago he saw the fruition of twenty years' agitation in the overthrow of the alien dynasty that had held China in bonds. He could have died happy then. But he has lived to see the failure of every effort of Young China to build a new and noble House of *Che* on the ruins of the old; he has lived to see his nation the victim of new assailants and of her own weaknesses and internal dissension. And he himself, like the prophets of old, can hardly live with safety in the country he has saved!

He has not given up hope, however. The latest cablegrams indicate that he is playing a leading part in the new movement for reconciliation between North and South China. He, like Dr. Wu Ting-fang, became disgusted some time ago with the selfish policy of some of the Southern leaders, who had set up a "constitutionalist" government at Canton in opposition to the "militarist" government at Peking. Both Sun and Wu, who had gone to Canton to join the constitutionalists, withdrew, and they have been followed by others. It is reported that the Governors of four Western provinces met at Dr. Sun Yat-sen's house and resolved no longer to accept the rule of the Canton party. This dissension, it is hoped, will lead the way to a reconciliation with the North, and a real peace conference between the great rival factions is looked for. So Dr. Sun, who has lived for years since his first victory in retirement, and much of the time in exile, comes on to the stage again.

The boyhood of Sun Yat-sen was a romance of destiny. He was the son of

a poor farmer of Canton province—the province from which almost all Chinese emigrants come, the most progressive of the Eighteen Provinces. The father seems to have had less influence over him than an uncle, who became his teacher, or "second father," as the Chinese say. This uncle had been devoted to the cause of the Taiping rebellion, and closely associated with its leader, Hung Hsiu-chwan. He inspired the boy with the Taiping ideal so effectively that Sun was given the nickname Hung Hsiu-chwan the Second. The name stuck, so did the ideal. But it should be explained that the ideal of Hung Hsiu-chwan was not reflected in the atrocities that made the rebellion vile; the leader had been inspired by reading the New Testament, and believed himself to be carrying out the great purpose foretold in the Book of Revelation—bringing the Great Peace ("tai-ping") to mankind. At school he was clever and popular, noted for his resistance to petty tyrannies. At the age of thirteen he took up the hoe to till the family's rood of land, but a couple of years later a call came for him to join one of his brothers who had gone to Java, and had achieved success in business. The brother, recognising exceptional intellect, decided in true Chinese fashion to use his means to have Sun's talents developed. He sent young Sun Yat-sen to a mission school in Java. Here the boy became a convinced Christian. His brother protested. "I have an inner confidence in this faith," replied Sun Yat-sen. "I cannot give it up." The brother, in disgust, sent him back home. But the paddy fields could no longer hold Sun Yat-sen. He gained a remarkable influence in his village. A mere boy, in a land where age is revered almost to worshipping, he was admitted to the village council. He planned new projects, one especially

for armed defence against brigands; another for the lighting of the narrow streets. These were carried out successfully.

At the age of twenty, Sun Yat-sen went to the University of Hong-kong to study Western medicine. He had learned English. He graduated five years later, and went to practise his profession in Macao. But he had already become active in the revolutionary movement, and he continued to work for the cause, first in Macao and then in Canton. Some sort of revolt was planned in 1895, but the plot was discovered, and Dr. Sun had to flee for his life. He went to Japan, Honolulu and America, seeking and winning supporters for the revolution. In 1896 he came to England, and was kidnapped in London by the Chinese Minister. The story of his imprisonment at the Embassy, and of the ruse by which he smuggled a letter to his friend, Dr. Cantlie, has been often told. He was rescued. The Minister had planned to ship him to China as a lunatic. Had the plan been carried out, it can hardly be doubted that Dr. Sun would have been "shortened," as the Chinese say, by an executioner's sword. He went on

travelling, sometimes in foreign lands, sometimes in China, where he is said to have used ingenious disguises. He worked steadily for the restoration of China's independence. He was in England when the revolution began in 1911. An accidental explosion of a bomb in the revolutionists' factory at Hankow had precipitated the outbreak prematurely. He came back to find that the revolution had been accomplished with little bloodshed. He was appointed Provisional President by the Southern party, but when it became apparent that the only hope for a united Republic lay in the election of Yuan Shih-kai, Dr. Sun gave place to him. Yuan proceeded to rule as a dictator, and sought to establish his family in a new dynasty. Sun Yat-sen meanwhile devoted himself to an ambitious scheme of railway construction. But his followers hated Yuan's arrogance, and organised a new rebellion—a feeble effort, which Yuan soon suppressed. It is difficult to say how far Dr. Sun himself was implicated in that revolt, but the movement put an end to his activities as railway organiser, and he retired to Japan. There he has lived a great part of the recent years.

WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO.

Mr. McAdoo, like Mr. Hoover, was coy about entering the presidential campaign. In both cases, probably, the dislike for the political arena was genuine. For both men have shown themselves great administrators—Hoover as food administrator in Europe and America, McAdoo as promoter of the Hudson River Tunnels, and as war-time Treasurer and Railroad Director of the United States. And for such men the party contests for spoils of office can have little attraction. Mr. McAdoo had another reason for being coy—he wanted to earn a living. This was the reason he gave in 1918 for resigning from the Government, to resume private law practice. His salary in the Cabinet was £2400 a year, plus expenses—enough to live on, one would have thought. But political life in America is expensive. Electioneering is more expensive still. So there is really no reason to doubt

Mr. McAdoo's plea that he needs to keep to private life in order to put aside something for his old age, and for his large and growing family.

Mr. McAdoo has known poverty from childhood. He is, like many self-made Americans, country-bred. His biographers say little of his boyhood, except that he was obliged, with the rest of his family, to wash dishes and do odd jobs—farm "chores." He was born fifty-seven years ago near Marietta, Georgia. After studying law at the University of Tennessee, he was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-two. In the same year, 1885, he was married. His wife died in 1912, leaving him with a considerable family, and two years later he married President Wilson's daughter, Eleanor.

As a lawyer he was content with a quiet practice at Chattanooga for seven years, but in 1892 he sought bigger op-

portunities in New York. He was still in the early thirties when he undertook a heavy task as chief administrator for the construction of the tunnels under the Hudson River. Notable men had puzzled for a generation over this great problem of New York's transportation; McAdoo went ahead, and won achievement. In 1904 the first tunnel was completed, and three more were built in the next five years. These works were hailed as a great success. But, financially they brought little yield to their promoters. They left McAdoo a poor man—actually in debt, some say—but with an administrative and financial experience that marked him out for a big career.

His entry into politics came through his friendship with Woodrow Wilson. McAdoo had a son at Princeton University, of which Dr. Wilson was president. The two men developed a strong mutual regard, and when Wilson stood for the United States Presidency in 1912, McAdoo joined in the campaign, and worked mightily. Wilson was elected, and made McAdoo his secretary to the Treasury. Even before the war the new Treasurer had made his mark. In an effort to give stability to banking, he had established the Federal Reserve, which some financiers condemned heartily as "a measure of ruin," but which apparently diminishes the risk of numerous small bank failures, such as have brought ruin to many Americans in past financial crises. He also arranged to assist farmers by Federal loans at low rates. He proposed, too, that the Government should run merchant ships, but it was not till the war made the need urgent that he was able to induce Congress to enter the shipping trade.

Mr. McAdoo's war work as Treasurer is described by H. W. Lanier in the *American Review of Reviews*. He tells of the Allies' appeal for huge advances in 1917:

Mr. McAdoo met his responsibility more than half way. He went over the heads of the financial experts to the American people. Being assured by them that it was impossible to sell more than \$50,000,000 dols. to 1,000,000 dols. of bonds, and these only through the established banking channels, he conceived, organised, and conducted the Liberty Loan campaigns, in the first four of which an army of 2,000,000 volunteers sold 18,000,000 of bonds to 50,000,000 individual sub-

scribers. He himself made speeches in nearly every city in the United States.

As to his administration of the railways, his enemies say he lost £40,000,000 in one year of their operation. He and his friends say that he was obliged to run them at a loss in order to deliver the necessary supplies for which Europe was crying out. Mr. McAdoo himself has declared that the 200,000,000 dols. spent for railroad operation in 1918 "produced greater results than any like amount of money expended by the Government throughout the entire period of the war." At any rate, he delivered the goods.

It is hard to imagine the enormous energy of a man who could control two such important services in a nation of 100,000,000 people in war time. Mr. McAdoo gives full credit to his "capable and live lieutenants," but it takes an exceptional man to get the best out of his subordinates. As for his own work, he devoted himself to it absolutely, denied himself all social pleasures, even exercise. He had no Sabbath rest. He kept his two jobs separate, working at the Treasury in the morning and at the railroads office in the afternoon. He tells more of his routine in Mr. Lanier's article:

"Usually I got home about eight p.m., sometimes seven, had dinner as quietly as possible, and then always worked till twelve o'clock. Two large parcels, one from the Treasury, the other from the railroads, invariably followed me to the house, each containing important matters to be passed upon.

"Though working till midnight, I stayed in bed eight hours out of the twenty-four, whether I could sleep or not. I took that much rest in bed, even though I worked part of it—for there were always paper, pad, pencil and watch beside me, and often I'd get through a lot in this way."

He never took a vacation (says Lanier), not even a Sunday. When it was necessary to be away from Washington, work went along so that everything was kept going. . . . The Liberty Loan tours were harder than the regular routine.

Admiral Gleason, his health director, gave him up, declaring he was the only man he knew who had consistently broken all the laws of health for six years, and still lived to tell the tale. It should be noted, however, that Mr. McAdoo lived with great regularity, ate moderately, never had the habit of any sort of stimulants, and had the rare quality of being able to ponder a problem in absorbed intensity, night and day, without ever "worrying" about it.



100,000 People Making Toys for Children.

More than 100,000 people are engaged in making toys in Germany. Amongst them are many skilled artists who are ever striving to invent new toys, to apply new material to manufacture, and to copy nature as closely as possible. Whilst in most countries the making of toys is regarded as work which anybody can do, in Germany, toy-making is looked on as a highly specialised art.

Wasted Locomotives.

Under the terms of the Armistice, Germany had to surrender most of her rolling stock and locomotives to the Allies. Her latest and heaviest types of locomotives were, therefore, sent to France, but as these are of a far heavier type than those used on the French railways, the permanent way in France proved too light for them, whilst the French engine-drivers—unfamiliar with the more complicated construction—were unable to get the best work out of them. Thus, these locomotives, the lack of which crippled Germany, were actually of no use to France.

Women's Rights in Korea.

The women of Korea, who were in the past more hobbled by convention than most women, even in the Orient, are now reported to be making great strides toward freedom. According to the *Seoul Press*, young Korean women may now be seen in the streets without guardians; some are bold enough to walk with young men. Young folk are demanding to know something of one another before they are married, instead of leaving the whole affair to the parents up to the wedding day. Korean maidens gave public speeches at the inauguration of a labour organisation recently. Some of the girls who have received high-school education are clamouring for women's rights.

Conscription of Labour in Bulgaria.

Bulgaria is following the example of Soviet Russia in conscripting labour. The scheme, as presented to the Parliament, provided for sixteen months' compulsory service for males, and eight months' service for females—the former at the age of 20, the latter at 18. Married women are exempted, and there are concessions to students and to workers who are the sole support of relatives with small incomes. In time of national calamity the whole population between the ages of 20 and 45 might be called up for periods from three days to four weeks. One of the aims of the scheme is to repair the injury caused by the war, and "aggravated by an unjust peace."

Provision for Soldiers in New Zealand.

A deputation of New Zealand returned soldiers interviewed the Prime Minister, Mr. Massey, and the Minister for Lands, Mr. Guthries, to protest against the proposed suspension of the scheme for providing farms for ex-soldiers. The Ministers assured the deputation that the scheme was being continued, though Parliament had decided to concentrate on the settlement of land already in the Government's hands, and not to continue the purchase of homes for soldiers in the cities unless in exceptional circumstances. The funds provided by Parliament had been exhausted, but the Cabinet had decided to continue spending up to £500,000 a month. At a later meeting of the ex-soldiers these replies were denounced as "evasive."

Largest Turbine in the World.

What is said to be the largest steam turbine in the world was recently constructed in the shops of the Allgemeine Elektrizitäts-Gesellschaft in Berlin. It develops 75,000 h.p., the total power even op-

being produced in one turbine motor and in one armature. English and American built machines developing a similar power consist of various units combined into one set, each unit being comparatively small. The construction of so huge a machine is especially remarkable, because of the unfavourable conditions owing to the war. The giant transformer used for increasing the pressure weighs 116 tons. In order to transport the turbine plant, a great number of special railway trucks had to be constructed.

Two Years' Drought in Every Seven.

A statement, issued by the Meteorological Bureau of N.S.W., shows that during the last 61 years, droughts have been of regular recurrence—two years in every seven in the central parts of the State—and discloses the necessity for making provisions for bad seasons by conserving water and fodder in ample quantities in the good years. One proposal is that the Government and the producers together should establish a fund of £1,000,000 sterling, to buy fodder the first good year, continuing the process until sufficiently strong reserves have been established, providing depots on all the main lines to avoid the present enormous cost of trainage in times of drought. The cheapest form of drought fodder is said to be kurrajong, which grows to perfection in many parts of the State.

Ex-President Guatemala.

Senor Manuel Gabrara, who was recently driven from his capital, has ruled over Guatemala for twenty-two years. No other Central American President has been able to hold office for so long a period. For years he has lived in constant fear of assassination, and not so very long ago, when a conspiracy against him was discovered, he had 200 military cadets shot out of hand as an example. His Capital, where a serious earthquake occurred during the war, was honeycombed with secret passages, which he had made with the object of escaping, should the people ever turn against him. Although he ruled by fear, and went always in dread of his life, Guatemala has, at any rate, been more or less quiet for twenty years.

The Go-Slow Strike in Japan.

Strikes being illegal in Japan, and strike leaders being liable to severe punishment, the workers have begun resorting to the go-slow policy. The first go-slow strike occurred a few weeks ago at the Kawasaki dock-yards, one of the largest shipbuilding establishments in the Orient. The 18,000 seemingly unorganised employees put their demands before the company through a committee. They asked for an increase of 50 per cent. in their wages (then ranging from 9/- to 25/- a week), in addition to the payment of bonuses; also better sanitation and accommodation. The reply was not satisfactory to the men, and the go-slow weapon was immediately used. The police were called in; the workers' leaders were arrested. The company declared a lock-out. But, having orders that it desired to fulfil, it reversed its policy and conceded the men's demands within ten days of the beginning of the strike. Another similar strike followed in the Osaka Ironworks, with like result. With the slump in prices that has set in in Japan, manufacturers are finding it very difficult to meet the workers' demands and many works have closed down.

A god-send for the stamp collectors.

A greater variety of stamps are being printed to-day, owing to the re-arrangement of Europe, than ever before in the world. One of those most eagerly sought after by collectors is that printed by mistake by the Turks early in the war. Turkey found difficulty in providing postage stamps which previously had been engraved and printed in London. When she entered the war, she only had six months supply of these. The Turkish postal authorities, therefore, decided to use up their old stocks of declassified stamps, by printing on them the values required, and a legend that these surcharged stamps were available for postage. The over printed design included, in the national insignia of the Star and Crescent, a six-pointed star instead of the Moslem five-pointed species. The six-pointed star is the heraldic emblem of Bethlehem, and orthodox Moslems objected strongly to using the hated Christian emblem, so the over-printed stamps with the six-pointed star were withdrawn,

and a new set was issued, this time with a star having only five points.

Movies in Germany.

Before the war, comparatively few films were made in Germany; in fact, only about 20 per cent. of those used in the picture palaces there were produced in the country, all the rest came from abroad. The Starvation Blockade effectively cut off all the importations of films from overseas, and even those from neutral countries, owing to the low exchange, ceased to enter the country. As, during the war, almost every place of entertainment was closed, the number of visitors to the picture theatres increased immensely, higher admission fees were charged, and, consequently, theatres were able to pay much more for the hire of films. Film producers, therefore, could spend large sums on new productions, and they became independent of the other firms which had hitherto financed them. New companies were formed, one, the Universal Film Company, behind which was the Deutsche Bank, having a capital of 25,000,000 marks. The best artists in Germany were engaged, and some magnificent films were produced.

Voluntary Labour in Russia.

For some time now, what is known as Communist "Saturday-ings" have been generally practised in Russia. On Saturday afternoon and sometimes on Sundays, men and women of all classes go out and perform voluntary work for the benefit of the community. The movement began last year, when Koltchak was advancing towards Moscow. It was realised that the most determined efforts had to be made to increase the productivity of labour in Russia, and all Communists and their sympathisers were called upon to do six hours' manual labour on Saturdays, until complete victory over Koltchak should be assured. One of the first "Saturday-ings" occurred in the railway workshops, where a band of workers, including the Commissary Krassin, repaired four locomotives and ten wagons and loaded and unloaded engine and wagon parts and material. "Saturday-ings" take place in hospi-

tals, factories and everywhere throughout the country, where work requires to be done. These "Saturday-ings" are a hardship to none, because they are entirely voluntary, and it is noticed that these volunteers work faster on Saturdays than they do on the ordinary working days.

Engines from Krupps.

Krupps has been always regarded as a great armament factory, and nothing else; as a matter of fact, before the war, only about 10 per cent. of the great works were engaged in the production of armaments, the remainder serving for the production of steel, railway materials, ships, general construction, dock-yards, machinery, etc. The huge works in Essen, where most of the armaments were made, have been transformed into a locomotive shop. This new department has a capacity of 200 heavy locomotives with tenders, and about 2,500 pressed steel railway cars per annum.

Where Children are Dying of Old Age.

The sufferings of the children of Serbia were described at a recent meeting of the Save-the-Children Fund in Manchester by a relief worker, Miss E. M. Chadwick. There were, in consequence of the war, over half a million fatherless children, of whom many thousands had no one left to take care of them. Their mothers, and in many cases all their relatives, had died by terrible deaths under the occupation. There were babies who had lived on grass. Children in Serbia, said Miss Chadwick, were dying of old age; the cold, hunger and neglect of the past three years had so impoverished their life as to subject them to diseases, including tuberculosis.

Roses Give Place to Tobacco.

The production of the famous scent, attar of roses, in Bulgaria, is diminishing rapidly. The average annual yield from 1900 to 1912 was 126,800 ounces; in 1917 it was only 85,000 ounces, and in 1919, 52,000 ounces. Five thousand acres of rose gardens have been abandoned, and the land turned to the culture of more remunerative crops, especially tobacco.



PHILIP GIBBS ON WAR'S REALITIES.*

Philip Gibbs's war despatches, as passed by the censor, were read by hundreds of thousands. Extracts from those despatches, ably selected by the propagandists at the European end of the cable lines, were served with breakfast during the war to millions throughout the Empire, and the world. One would wish that everyone of those millions could read Gibbs's new book, "Realities of War." It tells many things that could not be told in the despatches, and it tells them in that graphic style that makes Gibbs eminently readable. The despatches used to tell us of the heroic advances through seas of mud, but, as the correspondent now informs us, he had to leave out something of the underlying horror.

In the book we are given the scene, not so much as a moving picture of war's machinery, nor as a game played by generals, but as human life, so full of muck, and lice, and feet rotting in the trench's icy bath, and bits of mangled beings corrupting the air with stench, so full of foulness that men welcomed a sure-death action as an escape from the sheer boredom of horror. The picture of a man walking about with his face and eyes shot away is a sample of the realities. Another agonising touch is in the story of a young officer, one of the bravest in the face of rifle fire, or the machine gun's hail, who nevertheless found his nerves smashed by the racket of shell explosions. Three times he wandered aimlessly from his post. Yet he was calm when he went to face the firing squad.

Gibbs seems to have felt the tragedy more than the average soldier did. The victims themselves learned to be fatalists, to take the best that was going, to laugh, by way of change from "grous-

ing," at the filth and the horrors and the follies of the high command. Many of them enjoy Bairnsfather's jokes more than hero-worship. But Gibbs has a fierce anger against those who failed to realise the cruelty of this sacrifice of youth. He rails against the giddy crowds at home who regarded the world-tragedy as one of the unfortunate trifles of life, against the fat men, who grew rich on the profits of slaughter, against the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of Cologne, and all the war-preaching parsons, against the fathers who declared they would gladly send six sons to destroy the "Huns." And he believed that the soldiers themselves, returning from Blighty, shared his wrath at the frivolity. (Bernard Shaw thought they enjoyed it. Perhaps both are right.) Gibbs rails also at the casual staff officers, far in rear of lines of death, who would ask him whether he had had a good time, when he had been watching, perhaps, the sacrifice of thousands of Britain's best—sacrifice which he believed, at times, to be utterly futile owing to the incapacity of the high command.

The bitterest criticisms are aimed at the generals. Of course, not a word of criticism was allowed while our generals were throwing away human lives by the company, by the battalion, by the regiment, to win some position whose only value seemed to be to provide a death trap for thousands more who would be told to hold it. One only marvels that a correspondent who knew of all this could be silent about it, and could even boast in telling the *realities* of war that, in all his war despatches, he had told the truth, and nothing but the truth. He could not, as a correspondent, tell the whole truth—the realities—but he makes amends now by writing this book. The pity is that the book will be read by

*"Realities of War." By Philip Gibbs. (Heinemann, London; 12/-).

only a few thoughtful tens of people, whereas the despatches were absorbed by thousands of passionate hearts.

The criticisms of British generalship are the more effective in that they are presented in the midst of scenes that give us some realisation of the human lives, and the human fates that are staked on the gambler's throw. Thus we get a vivid description of the taking of Hill 70, at Loos, by the Scots and Londoners. Then this passage:—

The quietude of Hill 70 was broken by the beginning of a new bombardment from German guns.

"Dig in," said the officers. "We must hold on at all costs till the supports come up."

Where were the supporting troops which had been promised? There was no sign of them coming forward from Loos. The Scots were strangely isolated on the slopes of Hill 70. At night the sky above them was lit up by the red glow of fires in Lens, and at 12.30 that night, under that ruddy sky, dark figures moved on the east of the hill, and a storm of machine-gun bullets swept down on the Highlanders and Lowlanders, who crouched low in the mangled earth. It was a counter-attack by masses of men crawling up to the crest from the reverse side, and trying to get the Scots out of the slopes below. But . . . they held on in spite of dead and wounded men thinning out their fighting strength. At 5.30 in the morning there was another strong counter-attack, repulsed also, but at another price of life, in those holes and ditches on the hillside.

Scottish officers stared anxiously back towards their old lines. Where were the supports? Why did they get no help? Why were they left clinging like this to an isolated hill? The German artillery had reorganised. They were barraging the ground about Loos fiercely and continuously.

Then came an order to attack the German redoubt on the crest of the hill.

They were Scots who did most of the work in trying to capture the redoubt, the same Scots who had fought through Loos. They tried to reach the crest. Again and again they crawled forward and up, but the blasts of machine-gun fire made them deaf, and many young Scots lay motionless on those chalky slopes, with their kilts riddled with bullets. Others, hit in the head or arms or legs, writhed like snakes back to the cover of broken trenches.

"Where are the supports?" asked the Scottish officers. "In God's name, where are the troops who were to follow on? Why did we do all this bloody fighting to be hung up in the air like this?"

Gibbs tells of the fate of other divisions in that battle, which was won, and then lost. Then he quotes General French's despatch of the day: "In view of the great length of line along which

the British troops were operating, it was necessary to keep a strong reserve *in my own hand*." The author stresses these words of the Commander-in-Chief, and proceeds to criticise the policy of holding reserves.

He makes as a defence of the decision to hold back the reserves the extraordinary statement that there "would be a considerable gap in our line in case of our success." That is to say, he was actually envisaging a gap in the line if the attack succeeded, according to his expectations, and risking the most frightful catastrophe that may befall any army in an assault upon a powerful enemy, provided with enormous reserves, as the Germans were. . . .

But, apart from that, the whole time-table of the battle was, as it now appears, fatally wrong.

The correspondent adds to the severity of his criticism by giving General French credit for good intentions! This is almost the only passage in which he allocates definite blame for a specific failure, and useless waste of lives. But there are many passages of wrath against G.H.Q.—General Headquarters—and the men entrenched among its papers. Often the criticisms are quoted from the sayings of unhappy subordinate officers, entrenched in slimy dug-outs. Thus:

G.H.Q. lived, said our guest, in a world of its own, rose-coloured, remote from the ugly things of war. They had heard of the trenches, yes, but as the West End hears of the East End—a nasty place where common people lived. Occasionally they visited the trenches, as society folk go slumming. . . .

There was a trench in the Salient, called J3. It was away out in advance of our lines. It was not connected with our own trench system. It had been left derelict by both sides, and was a ditch in No Man's Land. But our men were ordered to hold it—"to save sniping." A battalion commander protested to the Headquarters Staff. There was no object in holding J3. It was a target for German guns, and a temptation for German miners.

"J3," came the Staff command, "must be held till further orders."

We lost 500 men in holding it. The trench and all in it were thrown up by mines. . . .

The irony of that guest of ours was frightful. It was bitter beyond justice, though with truth in the mockery, the truth of a soul shocked by the waste of life and heroism.

When I met him later in the war he was on the Staff.

It seems to have shocked Philip Gibbs to have found this severe critic of the West End coterie accepting the comfort of West End life for himself. But will

anyone blame the officer? Who among us is consistent after all? What of the pacific-minded correspondent himself, who, at the close of this terribly mismanaged war received, with others, the congratulations of the High Command on having helped to win the war, and received also the exceptional honour of knighthood—Sir Philip Gibbs?

All Gibbs's criticisms are thus weakened by the fact that he was himself a part of the machinery of this war, which he denounces so fervently. As war correspondent, he was a more important factor in the machine than almost any man in the trenches. And he cannot now escape from the machinery, though he professes to be little interested in it. However, it may be that for most readers it will be an advantage to have the human aspects of the life on the Western Fronts correlated with the movements of battle, and of the whole campaign. This mingling of the war story and the human story spoils both to some extent; the scenes are as fragmentary as Bairnsfather's. But possibly in no other way could the realities of war have been brought home to those who have followed the war, and now wish to know the human realities.

As description of those realities, the book is exceedingly valuable. As a philosophy of war, it seems hardly more than the initial struggle of an earnest soul toward truth. In the final chapter Gibbs confesses that there is "no clear line of thought or conviction." His own bent is toward the pacifist ideal. His denunciation of those who preach Christ, and yet uphold war, is intense. But he

seems himself in as great a dilemma as any "khaki chaplain," or any hate-promoting archbishop. In "The Soul of the War," he said there could be no peace till the peoples of the world refused to be led to the shambles. In this later book his pacifism seems further advanced. But, like the clergy, he believes there was "no other way" than to fight in 1914. And so, while he hated the war as many a soldier did, yet he "did his bit." He recorded a part of the truth, the part that the directors of the war wished to be told. And it does not seem to have distressed him greatly when he was barred by the censor from aiding the cause of peace and good-will. He could have told tales of German chivalry toward the British wounded, but that would have hindered the hate campaign. He might have brought good evidence (as he does now) to prove that the stories of mutilation of Belgian and French women and children by German soldiers were false. But to have told that part of the truth would have been to withdraw the finest appeal of the recruiting sergeant. So Philip Gibbs was silent. He had to be silent, or else go home.

Another war correspondent (H.M.T., writing in *The Nation*) says that Gibbs's book proves to him "clearly enough that in the next war the only place for the writer and publicist trying to be honest will be the gaol." But surely we may be thankful that we had at the war a man, like most of us, struggling toward the truth; one who, whatever he did during the war, has tried to give us in his books something of the unvarnished realities.

The famous wooden statue of Marshal Hindenburg, which was erected in Berlin during the war and afterwards passed into private ownership, has been taken charge of by the police in order to prevent a possibility of public disorder in the event of its being removed from Germany.

Lieutenant Kalnein, who was shot and killed by the French, outside Frankfort, had, it appears, led out a small patrol with the object of getting in touch with the French troops, so that he might

report their advance and enable the garrison to withdraw so that there should be no bloodshed.

In trying charges against communists in Massachusetts, Judge Anderson denounced the Government for using "provocateur" spies to get the communists into trouble. The Judge found that the Government itself arranged through these spies for the calling of communist meetings, which the police raided. He also protested against the holding of political prisoners without warrant.

NEW SOCIAL LITERATURE.

REVIEWED BY PROFESSOR

At the request of correspondents, I shall in future give the published prices of books when they are known to me. I shall also be glad to mention less recent works than those reviewed, to give studious readers some assistance in pursuing any special subject.

The Case for Capitalism. Hartley Withers. (Nash; 7/-.)

The Case for Nationalization. A. E. Davies. (Geo. Allen & Unwin; 4/6.)

Though there is nothing really new in either of these books, they are both worth while because of their up-to-dateness in fact and arguments, and the great lucidity of their style. Mr. Davies is an old war-horse of Collectivism, but he is wise enough to try and re-adjust the somewhat old-fashioned theories of State Socialism, to include what he regards as an expedient instalment of industrial democracy. It would be interesting to hear the hard things which the National Guildsmen are sure to say about so eminently Fabian a "palliative." One's faith in the arguments which the author bases upon facts is somewhat shaken by the glowing approval with which he comments upon the Socialist experiments of Australian Governments, particularly those of Queensland. Even Australian Socialists could disillusionise him upon that part of his dream-picture. Nevertheless, it must be astonishing to the average reader to find how extensively the principle of Socialism has been applied throughout the world, whether in its municipal or national form.

Mr. Withers is an apologist for Capitalism of a very different quality and character from the average of that ilk. He finds it easy to fill in the credit side of the Capitalist system, and he repeatedly makes references to its serious debits. This method has obvious defects, and they appear in the book. "The achievements of Capitalism" and "the risks of State Socialism," are subjects on which argument and eloquence come easily. Though I think he is right in pointing out what may be regarded as the silly side of Socialist pretensions, his picture falls far short of the truth about

MEREDITH ATKINSON, M.A.

Capitalist society. To people who want to believe that there is a great future before enlightened Capitalism, this will be a very helpful book.

Labour's Challenge to the Social Order. J. G. Brooks. (Macmillan; 15/-.)

The Limits of Socialism. O. F. Boucke. (Macmillan; 8/-.)

The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice. Stephen Leacock. (6/-.)

Mr. Brooks, a well-known American Socialist, passes in review the whole social problem from the Labour standpoint in the light of the experience of the war. The book has considerable value from the width of the author's actual experience, his obvious deep study, and the great number of examples with which he fortifies his argument. He sees something good in Communism, Syndicalism, Co-operation and the new Guilds. He believes that we are promoting a combination of remedies which will ultimately solve the industrial problem.

Professor Boucke's work is an interesting treatment of Marxian Socialism and Collectivism with a view to discovering at what points, academically speaking, it breaks down. The chapters on the Economic Interpretation of History are very good. I like especially the way in which he traces a main theory to its many roots—political, philosophical, and ethical, as well as economic, a method which I have always found most illuminating to students. On the more practical side he discusses the limits of Socialism in production, consumption and Government. In company with an ever-growing body of social writers, he accepts almost entirely the Socialist indictment, but seriously qualifies Socialist expectations of results.

Professor Leacock has produced a characteristic book. He criticises "the Utopia of the Socialist" from much the same point of view as the former work, but in the lightly serious vein to which he has accustomed us. He pokes fun at "the halcyon life of Mr. Bellamy's charming Commonwealth." He wastes a great deal of time over Mr. Bellamy,

and gaily concludes that "Socialism will not work, and neither will individualism." Humanity is thus standing in the middle of its narrow path in sheer perplexity. He arrives at a form of society and government based upon an enlarged official philanthropy, which will interfere as little as possible with personal initiative—not a very heroic or original vision, but described artistically enough.

The Threefold State—The True Aspect of the Social Question. Dr. Rudolf Steiner. (Geo. Allen & Unwin Ltd.; 5/-.)

This is one of the most interesting books I have read for some time. I am not surprised that it has been sold very extensively on the Continent, where it was published. The argument is too close to admit of ready summary, but its main idea is that the present confusion of society must be resolved into a three-fold State—the political, the economic, and the spiritual. The author believes that the working-class is now dominated by a definite system of thought, from which is excluded "all belief that there is a living power in spiritual possessions as such." The idea that the economic evolution of man will bring him complete liberty is a snare and a delusion. From the analogy of the human body, he develops the theory of "a three-fold organisation of the body social," maintaining that man must develop within him first of all certain spiritual perceptions. In the political system he lives a life of common rights, which make up the body politic. The economic life "must constitute an independent province all to itself within the body social, relatively as independent as the nerve and sensory system is within the human body." He argues that the practice of equity within the economic life alone—the root idea of modern Socialism—is quite inadequate to develop the full personality. I fear that this is not a satisfactory account of his thesis. Nor am I in full agreement with his theory. But I think it of great value in its insistence, and clear proof that the purely economic solution to the problem of society which is now preached everywhere is vitally unsound. This book is a distinct advance towards a complete social theory.

The Idea of Progress. J. B. Bury. (Macmillan & Co.; 14/-.)

All who are familiar with Professor Bury's wonderful little book in the Home University Library, "A History of the Freedom of Thought," will be greatly interested in the present work. This large book is a magnificent piece of scholarship. I will not attempt to do it justice in so brief a space, but commend it unreservedly. The author examines and reviews the various interpretations of progress from the 16th Century up to our own age. The Baconian, Cartesian, French Revolutionary and later schools are all described and criticised, and a most valuable review of modern thought closes this fine work.

Feminism and Sex Distinction. Arabella Kenealy. (Fisher Unwin; 8/6.)

Those who read Benjamin Kidd's recent work, "The Science of Power," will find Dr. Kenealy's book very interesting. Kidd's argument was that social evolution had endowed woman with a peculiar degree and quality of psychic power, of the utmost value to the future of the race. The work under review attacks the problem from a totally different standpoint, but emphasises almost as strongly the true sex differences in woman. Modern feminism is strongly attacked for leading women to invade every activity of men, not only as their right, but with the idea of equal aptitude in all spheres. The biological argument is used to show that the male and female types are fundamentally different in organic nature, mental and moral qualities and instincts. The writer goes to the extreme of alleging that man is on the way to subjection by woman, owing to the progress of false feminism.

BOOKS WORTH READING.

Psychology and Folk-Lore. R. R. Marett. (Methuen & Co., London; 7/6.)

The Social Worker. C. R. Attlee. (Bell & Sons; 6/-.)

A Straight Deal. Owen Wister. (Macmillan; 6/-.)

Industrial Administration—A Series of Lectures. (Manchester University Press; 10/6.).

Evening Play Centres. Jordan. (Pitman; 3/-.)

The Class-room Republic. E. A. Cradock. (Black; 2/6.).

OTHER PEOPLE'S HUMOUR



Passing Show.]

[London.

SPRING FEVER.

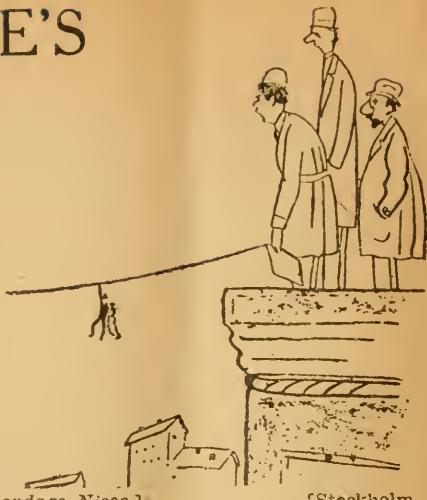
HER BROTHER: "Hi! Nellie! get th' choc'lit further under th' umbrella!"



London Opinion.]

[London.

MANAGER OF VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT (to applicant for position of doorkeeper): "You are accepted for the post, but you mustn't wear those mutton-chop whiskers in a vegetarian restaurant."



Sondags Nisse.]

[Stockholm.

FILM REHEARSAL.

PRODUCER: "I think it would have a greater effect if he put BOTH arms around her!"



Karikaturen.]

[Christiania.

DETECTIVE: "I think your suspicions of your cashier are not justified. I find that he lives in a decent and respectable manner."

EMPLOYER: "That's why I suspect him. I don't pay him enough to enable him to do that."



Jugend.]

[Munich.

HIGH NOTES CHEAPER.

"We were hoping to get some real butter for our little party, but it cost too much, so we had to content ourselves with engaging a tenor."



Karikaturen.] [Christiania.
SHE: "I thought you could dance!"
HE: "I can—but the music won't keep time
with me."



Il 420] [Florence.
"Who is the greatest general of modern
times?"
"General Strike!"



Passing Show.] [London.
"Coats and 'Ats seems a bit upset. Wot's
the matter wiv 'im?"
"'Ush! Don't say nothin'. I've pinched 'is
decoy bob!"



Weekly Telegraph.] [London.
"Now then—got yer!"
"'Ands hoff, constable! Cawn't yer see I'm
only a-letting hin of the pore little pussy cat?"

"Father," said an inquiring youth,
"when a hen sits on an egg for three
weeks, and it won't hatch, is the egg
spoilt?" "As an article of diet, my son,
it is henceforth a failure; but for politi-
cal purposes it has its uses."



Humoristen.]

[Christiansia.

"Daddy, why has mother covered the cheese with that glass?"
"To prevent its escape, my son."

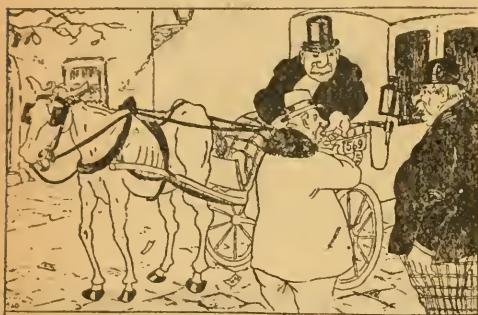


Sondags Nisse.]

[Stockholm.

"How are you getting on, Erikson?"
"Rotten! I never have peace with my wife."
"Why not?"
"She's always wanting money, money, money!"

"What does she do with so much money?"
"I don't know! I never give her any!"



Nebelspalter.]

[Zurich.

GERMAN PAPER MONEY.

"But where is my tip?"
"Hang it all! The wind has blown it away."

Two Irish labourers were watching an aeroplane which was flying at a very great height. "Begorra!" said Pat, pointing to the 'plane, "Oi wouldn't like to be up with that!" "And faith," replied Mike, "I wouldn't loike to be up without it!"



World.]

[London.

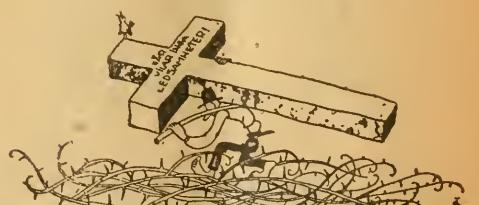
"What, another hat? This is the last straw!"
"You're right, dear; it's just from Paris."



Weekly Telegraph.]

[London.

JONES (whose wife has made him keep on the allotment for another year): "Well, what old Adam had to growl about being put out of the Garden of Eden, I can't think."



Sondags Nisse.]

[Stockholm.

THE HUMORIST'S PATH THROUGH LIFE.



Q.—Can you give particulars of the shale oil industry in Australia?

A.—All the shale oil produced in Australia comes from New South Wales. The output in twelve months (1917-18) was 1,600,904 gallons. The Government paid the producers a bounty of £15,008.

Q.—What is shale, and how is oil obtained from it?

A.—It is a clayey deposit, occurring in layers. Some shales carry fossil deposits, while others are rich in oil. The oil is obtained by distillation.

Q.—Has a Consul for Czechoslovakia been appointed to Australia?

A.—A cablegram, published two months ago, announced that Dr. Danes, of Prague University, had been appointed consul, and that he was about to leave for Australia. The Commonwealth authorities, however, have not yet received advice of his arrival.

Q.—Is Czechoslovakia allied with Great Britain?

A.—Czecho-Slovak troops co-operated with the Allied forces during the war, but there is no alliance between the two nations. The new state is, however, at peace with the Allies, and, when the Consul arrives, Czecho-Slovak citizens should be able to claim the usual privileges of subjects of friendly nations.

Q.—How far are Jugo-Slav residents of Australia affected by the Peace Treaty regulations?

A.—The Peace Treaty regulations hitherto published refer only to relations with Germany and German nationals. The Austrian Treaty has not yet been ratified. Nominally, Jugo-Slavs who were Austrians before the war are still "enemy aliens," and until a Jugo-Slav Consul is appointed, it will be difficult for Jugo-Slavs to obtain any concession. However, the Commonwealth authorities have wide discretion in the matter.

Q.—What is the system of Government in Abyssinia?

A.—Abyssinia is an independent nation, though Britain, France and Italy, have assumed a sort of guardianship, having agreed, in 1906, to the principle of the open door, and the maintenance of the present government. They also made arrangements regarding railway construction. In 1916 there was a revolution in Abyssinia against Emperor Lij Yasu, who was accused of pursuing an anti-Christian and pro-Mahomedan policy. He was dethroned, and a daughter of the late Emperor Menelik was made Empress.

Q.—Did the Defence Department during the war discover in Australia any wireless plants capable of communicating with ships, and used by Germans?

A.—No.

Q.—How does the £1000 salary of the Australian Parliament compare with the salaries in other Dominions?

A.—Canada, with a much larger population, pays the members of the Federal House only £500 per session, with deductions for non-attendance; members of the Senate receive £500 per annum. Members of the Union Assembly in South Africa are paid £400, but a bill to increase the allowance to £600 is now being considered. The salaries in New Zealand are: Lower House, £300; Upper House, £200. Members of the British House of Commons receive £400 a year.

Q.—Will you give, also, the Parliamentary salaries paid in Argentine, Brazil, and the United States?

A.—In Argentine both Senators and Deputies receive a salary equivalent to about £1060. The Brazilian Year Book does not give the salaries of individual

members, but the Budget allowance for Senators works out at about £1150 each, and for Deputies nearly £1000. The salary in the United States is £1500 for both Senators and Representatives.

Q.—Did the ex-Kaiser refuse to agree to a coronation ceremony? If so, why?

A.—It is not the custom in Prussia for a monarch to accept the crown with elaborate ceremonial, as in England. Biographies of Emperor William II., which we have consulted, do not mention any departure from custom in this regard, in connection with his accession.

Q.—Is the town Memel, on the Baltic Sea, still under German rule?

A.—No. Under the Peace Treaty Germany ceded this town and territory to the Allies, to be disposed of at their discretion. As far as we know, the final disposition of Memel has not yet been settled.

Q.—When does a nation become bankrupt? Are there any historical instances?

A.—No nation has ever actually declared itself bankrupt, but several have repudiated their obligations and brought great loss to their creditors. The most notable instances of defaults were those of the South American Republics in the period following the Napoleonic wars. Virtual bankruptcy may also be brought about by the continuous depreciation of the currency, as seen in Russia, Germany, Austria and other countries to-day. This, however, affects mostly the country's own people who have lent to the Government, foreign money-lenders generally stipulating that payments of interest and principal are to be made to them on a gold basis.

Q.—Is it a fact that Britain lost £100,000,000 through the default of other nations during 1816-1825?

A.—The facts are briefly stated in C. K. Hobson's "Export of Capital." There was great inflation during the Napoleonic wars, as during the recent war. The rich had abundance of paper capital for investment. There was a boom in investment, and the new States of South America were eager to borrow. Then came a crash! Britain's loans to foreign nations in the years named were estimated at £104,500,000, and of this total, her investors lost about £93,000,000, in addition to about £3,000,000 invested in private undertakings (mostly mining) abroad. All that was saved

was what had been reserved for the establishment of a sinking fund. A report of 1827 stated: "Since the reserve funds have been appropriated, the dividends on the Spanish, Greek, Poyais and most of the South American loans have ceased to be paid, and the value of the stock is consequently reduced to zero." If Britain should lose a similar proportion of her foreign investments to-day, the amount would be between £3,000,000,000 and £4,000,000,000.

Q.—Has the Anglo-Chinese Treaty of 1860, giving British and Chinese subjects reciprocal rights of immigration, ever been abrogated?

A.—You are quite wrong in thinking that the Treaty of 1860 granted such reciprocal rights. There was a clause in the Treaty of 1858 (ratified in 1860) guaranteeing reciprocal rights to the Ambassadors and diplomatic agents of the two countries, but the somewhat limited rights claimed by Britain and the other powers for their missionaries and traders in China were not made reciprocal. Any guarantee against the exclusion of Chinese at that time would have been superfluous, as Britain was only too anxious to have the right to import Chinese coolies, while China wished to keep her people at home. That matter was arranged by the Convention of 1860, the Chinese Government agreeing to proclaim that "Chinese agreeing to take service in the British colonies or other parts beyond seas, are at perfect liberty to enter into engagements with British subjects for that purpose."

Q.—How is the colour bar defined under the Australian exclusion law?

A.—The laws contain no reference to the colour line. An education test is provided which might be applied to Europeans as well as Asiatics, but which is, in practice, used only for the exclusion of Asiatics. Certain exemptions are granted, however, to Asiatics coming here as students, traders, tourists or diplomats, and to former residents returning.

Q.—What is the nature of the education test for immigrants?

A.—It is a dictation test in "a European language." According to a court ruling, the immigration officer may choose the test language, so that a person who knew English, French and half a dozen other languages could still be

excluded if the immigration officers desired it. Thus the exclusion of Asiatics is brought about by a subterfuge.

Q.—Are the restored nations of Caucasia likely to play any important role internationally?

A.—Yes. The difficulties of the Armenian problem are already well known. All three of the new states—Armenia, Georgia, and Azerbaijan—form a natural buffer between Russia and the Turkish and Persian lands, over which Western powers are assuming more or less definite control. Azerbaijan includes the centre of the petroleum industry, Baku, which is a bone of contention between Britain and Bolshevik Russia. Recently the Russians dislodged the British from Baku, and so broke the blockade of the fuel oil, which has been described as the life-blood of Russian industry.

Q.—Will you give some information about Armenia?

A.—The land inhabited by the Armenians was divided, before the war, between Turkish and Russian control. The Armenian people, nearly all of whom are Christians, naturally looked to Russia for protection; but under the Tsar they were persecuted, being regarded as a democratic and progressive leaven. The Russian attacks upon them were, of course, mild by comparison with the fierce massacres carried out by the Turks, but the Armenians of the north were glad enough to take the opportunity of the revolution in Russia to throw off the Russian yoke.

Q.—Where, exactly, is Georgia?

A.—The Republic of Georgia, in Transcaucasia, must not be confused with the American state of the same name. Up to the time of Russian domination (which became complete in 1801), the Georgian nation had existed over 2000 years. The Russians were called in to protect the little nation from the Persians, and, in assuming the role of protectors, they guaranteed independence; but, like other protectors, they ignored their promise. Before the war the Georgians were constantly agitating against the Tsarist oppression, and often appealed to the Western nations for help. Their independence has been recognised by the great powers. The

Georgians appear to be distinct in race and language from the other Caucasian peoples. Most of them are Christians, like the Russians, of the Greek Orthodox Church. The territory lies south of the Caucasus Mountains, between Tiflis and the Black Sea port of Batoum. Georgians claim to be a nation of 3,000,000, but the Russian count of the Georgian race recorded only half that number.

Q.—Could you explain the position of Azerbaijan?

A.—Azerbaijan, on the south-western shores of the Caspian, is likely to be the scene of historic happenings in the near future. The Great Powers have already been striving for control of its rich petroleum resources. The development of the oil industry has had an important influence on the Azerbaijan people. It has enabled them to build up other industries, and a considerable commerce. There are several Azerbaijan millionaires, many of the oil wells being in their hands. Such a development is very surprising in a Turk community. (The Azerbaijans are of Turkish race.) The commercial and industrial classes are said to be in favour of political independence; the landlords, on the other hand, would prefer to be under Turkish rule; the peasants side with the industrialists. In any case, the Azerbaijans, like the Armenians and the Georgians, wish to be free from Russian domination, though they need Russia's trade. Azerbaijan was formerly a Persian province, but part of it was conquered by Russia early last century, and was added to Transcaucasia. The population of the new united Azerbaijan is probably between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000.

Q.—Is it not very probable that these new nations of the Caucasus will be soon fighting among themselves?

A.—The boundaries are already subjects of dispute. Isolated communities of one race are scattered about the territory of another, so that it is impossible to get a satisfactory demarcation. The differences of race and religion also give occasion for strife. Some authorities hope that the three peoples will be drawn together by a united concern for defence against Russia and Turkey, and a common interest in industrial and commercial development. It is quite possible,

however, that the hostility to a Tsarist Russia will not be extended to a Soviet-controlled Russia, which is ready to grant local independence.

Q.—Is it true that babies born in twilight sleep are always affected mentally or physically?

A.—There is a very strong prejudice against the use of twilight sleep to banish the sufferings of about-to-be-mothers, and all sorts of stories are therefore told about its evil effect. As a matter of fact babies born in this way are absolutely normal, and differ not at all from those brought into the world with intense pain and suffering. Twilight sleep is being more and more used in Great Britain, where it relieves thousands of mothers of all pain. Here, however, it is encountering the same senseless opposition as did the use of chloroform, until Queen Victoria was brave enough to have it used in her own case to demonstrate its value to her people. The stories about babies being born black owing to suspended circulation, of their growing up puny and mentally deficient are all rubbish, the invention of prejudiced minds. It would be well for Australian women if twilight sleep were made easily available. It ought to be strongly encouraged instead of being decried by those who should know better.

Q.—Does the conscription of labour in Soviet Russia not leave any freedom to the individual worker?

A.—No such liberty is provided for in Lenin's decree of January 15, or in Trotzky's orders of January 18, and March 16. As the conscript Red armies, which are being changed into labour armies, are to be kept together still, it follows that there can be practically no freedom of movement. The first clause of the decree of January 15 reads: "The region of work of the Third Army must correspond with the location of the main sections of that Army." Within the locality some liberty is given to the unions of skilled workers to secure the services of their own members, but to the individual worker there is apparently no concession.

Q.—Will the Soviets use force to keep the workers at their assigned tasks?

A.—The decrees mentioned above do not state whether the penalty for deser-

tion is different now that the army has become a labour army. Trotzky's order exhorts the men to work with indefatigable energy as if in a military action. But it also states: "The Commandants and Commissars should be responsible for the output of their men while work is going on, as much as if it were a fighting engagement. Discipline should not be relaxed." Also: "The Revolutionary Tribunals should punish the lazy."

Q.—What is the nature of the new military conscription system introduced in Soviet Russia?

A.—The plan is to convert the Red Army gradually into a fighting and labouring militia, but to take care in the transitional period to keep the best nuclei of the old army together, ready to be called up for active service. Apart from this, military training is to consist of: "(a) instruction in military duties of lads not of military age; (b) training of citizens of military age, the annual periods of training being gradually shortened, and the barracks converted as far as possible into military-political schools; (c) short supplementary courses of training." The object is stated to be "The gradual transformation of the Russian people into an armed communist nation."

Q.—How do the advocates of Bolshevism justify the Conscription of Labour?

A.—They argue that it involves no infringement of freedom, as it is accepted by a majority vote of the workers themselves. Thus *Soviet Russia*, the official organ of the Soviet Bureau at Sydney, in its June issue replies to the charge of an American writer, Lincoln Eye, that the conscription involves a "highly centralised despotic control." The paper says: "The scheme was worked out by a special expert and adopted by conventions of economic soviets, which, as we know, are elected by the actual workers, and from the actual and real workers. So, if the Russian workers adopted that 'despotism' and imposed it, not upon some other slaves, but upon themselves, any sensible person can see that such a 'despotism' must be called something else."

The Challenge from the East.

REVIEWED BY JOHN A. BRAILSFORD.

Writing in the English *Review of Reviews* on the inter-racial situation, Basil Mathews spoils a good article by exaggeration. He sets out to tell British readers how largely the relations of East and West, and the future welfare of humanity depend upon whether the forces of militarism or democracy control the Far East. It is a good theme, but when we are told that the whole issue of human life in the world swings on the question—"Which of those types of leadership in Asia will triumph?"—we lose confidence. The superlatives are carried even further: On the one hand an imminent danger of "world-suicide" is held up; "the alternative view is that, with the triumph of the democratic leaders of Asia, we should be on the eve of a world-order of international and inter-racial co-operation full of unmeasured and unmeasurable good."

Almost the whole of the article is devoted to a presentation of the "yellow peril," as typified by the growing power of Japan. Mr. Mathews quotes the prediction made by Marquis Okuma at the beginning of the European War, that this stupendous conflict would mark the beginning of the end of Western civilisation. He surely cannot have read the Japanese statesman's article, for he gives one the impression that it was a forecast of a Japanese world empire. As a matter of fact, Okuma's prophecy was a warning to the nations to beware of that aggressive egotism which he saw bringing ruin upon Prussia, and which, he believed, had so infected the other Western nations, that they were destined to go down the same path to destruction. The article was a most curious illustration of that vein of pacifism running through the mental fibre of the East, and coming to the surface in the mind of one noted for his militarist outlook. If the whole article had been quoted, it would have made the poorest of texts Mr. Mathews could have chosen to introduce a fearsome warning of "yellow peril."

Japan, the writer says, has become rich beyond the dream of avarice. This is about as true as the statement coupled with it, that her ambitions are vaster than those of Alexander. Japan did, indeed, struggle free from her indebtedness to foreign nations through her advantageous position as a virtual neutral during the war. For a few short months her national finances showed a credit balance. But the war was hardly over before her commerce began to decline, and already she finds she needs the help of Western capital again for her own undertakings. "Rich beyond the dream of avarice!" As in other lands, wealth has been raked in by the *narikin* (the Japanese term of contempt for the new-rich), but the rebound of poverty, the slump, has hit Japan sooner than any other nation.

Passing over other fallacies, we come to the main issue: With the rise of industry in Japan there has grown up a class with an interest in socialism and democracy. Similar developments are afoot in China. I should say that a couple of generations hence, these movements may begin to influence the general life of the East. And even before that time the growing unrest among the masses in Japan may lead to momentous happenings—not, as Mr. Mathews imagines, from the growth of a conscious socialism, but simply from a natural reaction against the rise of new oppressors. The Japanese have lost their old leaders, the Samurai nobles; toward the new captains, the captains of industry, their traditional attitude is contempt. Here are the elements of domestic strife, and, not improbably, of foreign war as a diversion planned by the militarists. It is most important that Western nations should realise the possibilities, and frame their policies accordingly. But they will be sceptical regarding Mr. Mathews' suggestion, that immediate salvation is within reach—heaven itself held out to them by the democratic leaders of the East.

To make his point clear, Mr. Mathews concludes with a character sketch of one

of these democratic leaders—Mr. Wang Cheng-ting (Wang is the surname), who was Chinese Envoy to the Peace Conference at Paris:

In him you discover a swift brain, splendidly trained and equipped for the higher statesmanship; a power of organisation and of command, trained and tested in the handling of men; a blend of Oriental courtesy with absolute honesty and directness; a passion for education, a profound and reasoned belief in democracy, a thorough freedom from cynicism, or the personal ambitions of a demagogue—in a word, a Lord Robert Cecil of China, but without the Quixotic strain.

Mr. Wang . . . is a convinced and powerfully convincing Christian, who applies his faith to his view of world politics with that fine practicality and sanity, which is such a splendid trait in Christian character. Brought up as a Christian by his sainted father (who was a pastor attached to the Church Missionary Society), Mr. Wang was educated in the Anglo-Chinese College of the London Missionary Society, and his power of organisation and of handling men with mastery grew in him when he was a secretary of the Student Christian Federation, working among the Chinese students in Japan.

Mr. Wang has definitely and forcefully put to me his faith in democracy in China. He sincerely believes that it alone can save the world from the last and most awful war. He believes that a League of Nations, into which the new democracies of the East swing their force and initiative, is the last great hope of humanity.

Alongside Mr. Wang in China, and across the water in Japan, are other young statesmen and leaders, who can (if they are not frustrated) lead the new life of Asia into this world-commonwealth of nations, which is our hope.

"To be or not to be"—which is the scene on which the curtain of the theatre will rise; war, chaos, barbarism; peace, development, comity; it is a tremendous issue, and it is a real one. And if the argument here developed is true to the central facts of the world situation, the first duty of men of goodwill is, on the one hand, to create and practise in the affairs of the British Empire a policy on lines like that of men like C. T. Wang, and on the

other hand to educate and equip a powerful young leadership that can direct the new Asia into the paths of a new world-peace.

Knowing Mr. Wang well, I can readily understand the enthusiasm with which he has inspired Mr. Mathews. He is a man of whom great deeds and great influence may be expected. (The author leaves out many of the salient passages of his life—his graduation from Yale University, the prominent part he played in the revolution of 1911-12, and the peace negotiations following, his selection to the first Cabinet of the Republic, and his later quiet retirement into his old service in the Y.M.C.A.) Mr. Wang, himself, would, however, blush to be told that he is one of those destined to usher in the millennium within our own time. But, superlatives omitted, Mr. Mathews' thought is worth considering. Is it not through such men as Wang that inter-racial relations can be placed on a better footing?

The perils of the present position are real enough without any exaggeration. The peoples of the East bear heavy burdens, and those burdens are increased by Western exploiters, working through the agency of dishonest Eastern leaders. By this (far more than by Western exclusionism) the racial antagonism of the East is constantly fed. While this continues, the militarists of Japan have always a good text for jingoist preaching. The alternative is to drop exploitation, with the accompanying threat of armed intervention, and seek the free co-operation of the East through such leaders as Wang Cheng-ting—men who stand honestly for the regeneration of their own country, and for friendship with all mankind.

SPY-HUNTING

Sydney Theodore Felstead, in a series of articles in *The Morning Post*, London, tells of the fate of German spies in England. All European countries had their Secret Service before the war, and maintained spies in each other's countries. These ranged from the naval and military attaches of the various Embassies to insignificant folk who did little more than transmit the messages of the more active members of the Secret Service. It was the business of one Secret Service

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to find out and keep track of the spies of the other. So well was this done by the British Service that immediately war was declared, twenty-one of the twenty-two spies distributed by the German Intelligence Department were promptly arrested. Of them all, only one escaped by way of Hull.

Much of the information on which the British agents worked was furnished unconsciously by a German barber, named Karl Gustav Ernst, who, at a princely salary of £1

a week, later increased to thirty shillings, re-posted with British stamps large packets of German letters sent to him periodically by a German "Commercial Agency." This forwarding of instruction to secret agents had been known to the British Intelligence Division since 1910. All these "commercial" letters were opened and carefully read by the British agents, then re-forwarded. It was mainly on the basis of this information that the list of German spies referred to was drawn up.

Thus, it came about that the outbreak of war found Germany without a spy system in Great Britain. No doubt, the English and French spies in Germany were also all rounded up during the first days of the war by the German Secret Service. Of course, all the countries, deprived of their agents in hostile lands, set to work to get spies into these countries, and these achieved some success, although in the end the great majority of them were captured and many of them were shot. Neutrals travelled freely in England, and it was not at all difficult for Germans to secure the passports of harmless South American or Dutch traders, but it was when they tried to get intelligence out of the country that they came to grief.

Two of the German spies who appeared in England soon after the outbreak of the war, Karl Hans Lody and Anthony Kupferle, met a tragic end; one died an officer's death, the other committed suicide in his cell. They were not mere hirelings, but men actuated by strong patriotic motives. Both were betrayed by the callous neglect of their employers at Berlin. Both were noteworthy for utter inefficiency in the exercise of the new calling which they had adopted, and for which their mental equipment was apparently unsuited.

Lody, who was about 50 years of age, had resided for many years in the United States and spoke perfect English, but with an American accent. He had served in the German Navy, and later travelled as a tourist guide of the Hamburg-American line all over England. On the outbreak of war he volunteered for the German Secret Service, and was sent, with an American passport, to England. He was first located in Edinburgh by a telegram he sent to a man in Stockholm. Thereafter he was closely followed wherever he went, and in London his reports concerning the protective measures taken there against Zeppelin raids were intercepted and deciphered. His reports from Liverpool concerning the fitting out of big ocean liners as auxiliary cruisers would have

been most valuable to the German authorities, had they ever got to Berlin. The only piece of news of his, however, which was allowed to pass, told of the landing of thousands of bearded, booted Russians with "the snow of the Steppes still clinging to their boots," passing through England on their way to the Western Front. He was finally arrested in Ireland, brought to London and tried by court martial at the Guildhall.

With flushed, clean-shaven face, and deep, be-spectacled eyes, he listened to the damning evidence against him; then, through his counsel, he declared to the court that he had simply done his duty, and left the consequences completely in their hands. His grandfather, he stated, had been a great soldier, who had held a fortress against Napoleon, and it was in that spirit that he appeared before his judges on this day. He did not wish to cringe for mercy, was ashamed of nothing he had done, and would accept the court's decision, whatever it might be, as that of just and righteous men.

He was found guilty and sentenced to death. Before being taken out to execution, he wrote a letter thanking the Commanding Officer of his guard for the way in which he had been treated.

It was strongly felt by all the English officials who came in contact with Lody during his short imprisonment, that his character was a fine one, and his demeanour even won their admiration. The date set for his execution was Friday, November 6th, 1914. On the morning of that day, when the Assistant Provost Marshal came to his cell to tell him that his time had come, he said: "I suppose you will not care to shake hands with a German spy." "No, I would not," said the Provost Marshal, "but I will shake hands with a brave man." Lody was then taken to the place of execution, where he proved the truth of the Provost Marshal's words, by meeting his death without flinching, and refusing to have his eyes bandaged. So Karl Hans Lody died.

Another spy, Kupferle, was a typical German of the fiction writers, with stiff, upstanding hair, round spectacles, and an artless manner. One of his letters to Holland, when examined by the censor, showed traces of invisible ink between the lines and led to his detection. He was tried at the Old Bailey, but before his sentence was delivered, he hanged himself in his cell. Another spy named Robert Rosenthal was betrayed to the British Authorities by a letter from Copenhagen addressed to Berlin, which by some error had been put in the London mail bag. He was tried, sentenced to death and executed.

Roggen, another spy, was executed in the Tower of London, and met his

death bravely. He was born in Montevideo, and easily passed as a South American. Another spy who paid the death penalty was Melin, a well-educated German, who, however, unlike most of those captured, had entered the Espionage Service to make a living.

Karl Muller, according to Mr. Feland, was "probably the most important spy individual who came our way."

His arrest and execution had far-reaching effects on the enemy's espionage plans. Long resident in England, he passed as a Russian citizen from the Baltic provinces, where he had been born, and spoke Russian and various other languages with facility. An apparently harmless letter, treated with a hot iron, brought out information of considerable importance, written in German, between the lines. The trail led to the bakeshop of one Peter Hahn, at Deptford. Hahn was arrested, and finally, by clever detective work, the whereabouts of Muller was discovered in London. Hahn received a prison sentence; Muller was executed in the Tower on June 23, 1915. All night long, before the day set, he was heard sobbing in the cell for his wife and children.

Yet another spy who was shot in the Tower, by name Breeckoff, passed as an American of wealth, travelling in England for his health.

Put in touch through the German Intelligence with Mrs. Wertheim, a woman of immoral life, who had obtained British citizenship through marriage, he joined her, and the two together played their game of espionage as long as the authorities allowed them. Much of their time was spent in pleasure junkets. Mrs. Wertheim went to Scotland to pick up information of the Grand Fleet. Some of her questions of the naval officers to whom she made herself "more than agreeable," finally led to her arrest and conviction. Both the man and woman were brought before the authorities and questioned; Breeckoff broke down completely, but the woman was so unabashed that, had it not been for Breeckoff's confessions, a conviction might not have been assured. The woman was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. Breeckoff was executed in the Tower. He was so agitated that he died of heart disease before the bullets of the firing squad entered his body.

A poetic figure was that of Fernando Duschman, a man of considerable musical ability and an expert in aeronautics. He had been born in Paris and educated in Brazil. He entered the German Intelligence Service after the outbreak of the war. He was arrested shortly after his arrival and was tried and found guilty.

He thanked his judges courteously after the trial. His request that he be allowed to keep his violin was granted, and for hours he sat discoursing beautiful music, oblivious to the death that awaited him. Taken to the Tower the night before his execution, he again asked for his violin, and for hours he forgot his coming doom in the solace of music. When taken to execution he picked up his violin, kissed it passionately, and exclaimed: "Good-bye, I shall not want you any more!" He refused to have his eyes bandaged, and met his death with a smile.

One of the master spies, Rudolf Funck, who operated in France, passed himself off as an Australian, and remained in Paris until after the last great offensive in 1918. He then left and reached Spain safely.

After his departure the French authorities came into possession of irrefutable evidence that for many months he had given valuable assistance to the enemy by furnishing information as to the points where Gotha bombs and Big Bertha shells had fallen in the city. Even then he probably would have managed to escape unscathed if he had not made the mistake of again venturing on the French side of the frontier for the purpose of claiming a trunk, belonging to him, which had been left at the frontier station of Hendaye. He was immediately arrested as a spy, and was condemned to death by court-martial last June, but the judgment was quashed on technical grounds. A second trial brought Funck to the firing post.

He met his death bravely, was probably the calmest man in the little group that left prison walls for Vincennes. He claimed the privilege as an Officer of giving the order to the firing squad, and politely lifted his hat to signal to the soldiers to fire the fatal volley.

SHOULD THERE BE A CHANNEL TUNNEL?

M. Francois-Marsal, French Minister of Finance, has an excellent article in favour of the Channel Tunnel in *The New World*. He analyses the objections to the proposal, which are chiefly military and economic. The former he dismisses as irreconcilable with either the

spirit or the lessons derived from the war. Supposing war broke out between Great Britain and a Continental Power, would the former stand idle while troops were poured through the tunnel? As for commercial objections, M. Francois-Marsal maintains they do not compare

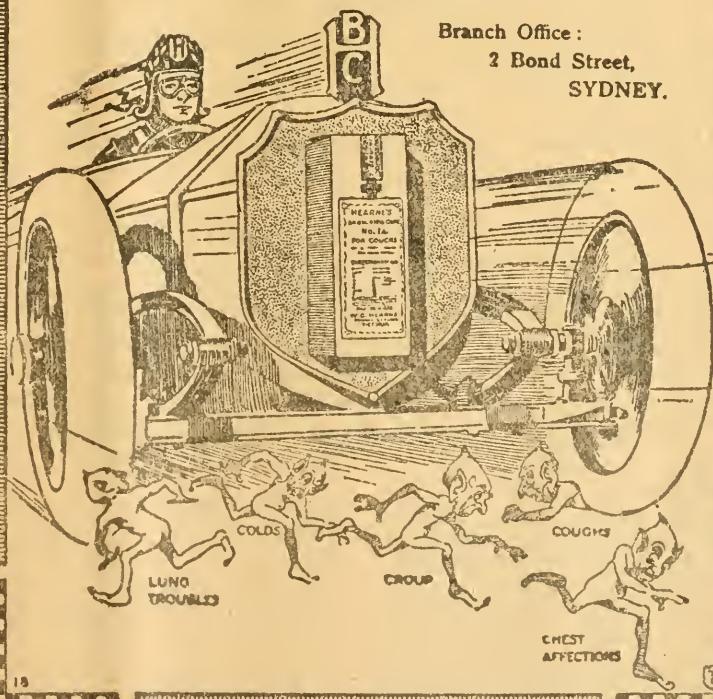
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Occupation.....

with the advantages. British reluctance, he contends, traced to its source, is not due to logic, but sentiment.

In fact, we may say, without in any way, we hope, hurting our friends, the tunnel question is in England a psychological, a sentimental question. At the bottom of the opposition of the anti-tunnel party there lies the old ancestral pride, which one may see in the formula of "splendid isolation." If to their heart's content the poets have sung of the "emerald set in silver," the merchant knows that it was due to the protection of the broad sea-ditch that he could fill his warehouses, accumulate stocks, and make a fortune; even from a "commercial point of view, it is on account of its value as a bulwark that the Channel should, in the first place, be considered," Professor Goldwin wrote.

Closely examined, the fear of invasion is baseless, and can no longer be held. The security of British "isolation" in view of the facts of modern warfare is a fiction.

Of what avail is the proudest cruiser in face of the submarine? Poison gases can reach the best protected troops. The aeroplane laughs at the Straits of Dover, and the "silver girdle." The island can be blockaded, bombarded, starved out, and forced to surrender before it can receive any help. And in the same manner as our Lords in their strongholds, whose mediæval memory we just evoked, we must avail ourselves to escape destruction, pillage, famine, of subterranean communication which gives to the besieged the chance of once more taking the field, and establishing himself directly on the lines of communication of the enemy. To-day the tunnel is a means of security for England; the tunnel alone can secure her, when the next great conflict comes, the necessary means of communication.

From the military point of view the Channel Tunnel was regarded as a bad thing for Germany by Field-Marshal von Moltke, and as a good thing for the Allies by General Joffre and other French experts. There is another important aspect, however, upon which M. François-Marsal, as Minister of Finance, is able

to speak with some authority. The Channel Tunnel, he says, is a profitable enterprise for economic reasons.

In 1901 we imported from England goods to the value of 600,000,000 francs. These figures rising by 6 per cent. a year had risen to 1,116,000,000 in 1913. Our exports during the same period rose from 1,200,000,000 to 1,456,000,000, rising hardly 1.5 per cent. a year; and the period under consideration is a period of undeniable political cordiality with England. During the same time our imports from Germany rose from 401,000,000 to 1,068,000,000, an annual increase of more than 12 per cent., and our exports to Germany rose from 443,000,000 to 866,000,000, being an increase of more than 7 per cent. From Belgium we imported in 1901, 357,000,000, and 556,000,000 in 1913, an annual rise of nearly 5 per cent., and we exported to Belgium for 1913 1,108,000,000, as against 562,000,000 in 1901—that is, an increase of 7.5 per cent. a year.

Altogether there are many strong reasons for building such a tunnel. It would be of advantage if the English power stations, which controlled trains coming from France, were some distance from Dover—London, for example—so as to deepen the sense of security.

Thus the tunnel would seem the logical solution of the series of problems and efforts which for more than a century has been under consideration, to establish between England and the Continent more easy and more rapid means of communication. France, Belgium and Italy are most closely interested. England should achieve security for military intervention and supplies, an increase of her economic range, London would be brought nearer to the Orient, where, at the present moment British influence is spreading in so grandiose a manner.

The enterprise should supply France, M. François-Marsal adds, with additional revenue and important sources of income for purposes of the budgets. The construction of a Channel Tunnel forms a part of the French economic programme.

SUBSTITUTES

The German *Export and Import Review* contains a most interesting article upon the way in which German inventiveness was called upon to combat the shortage of materials brought about by the blockade. Before the war, Germany imported 800,000 tons of saltpetre from Chili. This sufficed to meet her total requirements for agricultural fertilizers and for munitions. In August, 1914,

IN GERMANY.

the total amount of saltpetre available in the country was 100,000 tons. This was used up by the munition factories in a very few weeks. As no further supplies could be brought from overseas, substitutes had to be found.

The amount of nitrate of ammonia produced as a by-product in the gas factories did not suffice to meet a third part of the requirements of the farming in-

dustry and the army. The making of nitrate of lime from the nitrogen in the air had been attempted before the war, and the blockade forced the Germans to develop the business with the utmost energy. The power needed was derived from lignite deposits and water-falls. The war-created factories will continue to supply several hundred thousand tons of nitrate per annum. For the immediate supply of the most pressing needs in 1914, the synthetic ammonia process of Haber was adopted. The maximum quantity of nitrate was obtained with the minimum amount of work and fuel by this process in the German Aniline and Soda factories.

The writer regrets that during the war the German farming industry did not benefit to any great extent because the munition factories absorbed the whole output. Now that no more ammunition is being made, the new factories will supply not only all the agriculturists require, but will be able to export some of the nitrate they make. The writer, in commenting on the introduction of the Haber Ammonia Process in the United States, says that this solution of the nitrate problem recalls a similar happening 100 years ago, when under the pressure of Napoleon's Continental Blockade, Germany started to produce sugar from sugar beet, in order to replace the cane sugar which she was unable to import. The beet sugar, originally regarded as a make-shift substitute, ere long became the main source of the world's supply,

Before the war, the German textile industry imported about £70,000,000 worth of raw materials. The blockade prevented all imports and the Germans had to make desperate efforts to secure local supplies. The shortage was met partly by an increased cultivation of flax and hemp, partly by the recovery and utilisation of existing material and the application of substitutes.

Much has been done in these lines which will be of no use after the war is over. The stinging nettle, the fibre of which has sometimes been used during cotton famines in pre-war days, has been extensively cultivated on wide stretches of land, made arable expressly for this purpose. The yield of this fibre this season is expected to be 100,000 tons. Considerable progress has been made in utilising this material. To-day large spinning mills have succeeded in working the pure nettle fibre into

very fine thread, whereas previously it has always been necessary to add a certain percentage of cotton. Whether nettle fibre will be able to compete against cotton in the future is simply a question of price. For some purposes, as for instance, for the manufacture of incandescent gas burners, nettle fibre is already as good as, if not superior to, Ramie fibre.

Another very promising material which was utilised during the war is the so-called typha fibre. This is obtained from the ordinary bulrushes which grow in swampy land. Its yield in fibre is many times that of nettle fibre, and it can be considerably increased. The new material has been found to be a very good substitute for wool, and it is anticipated that, even when the price of the latter commodity falls, it will find in typha fibre a very formidable competitor.

In addition to this natural fibrous material the war has also brought forth an artificial product, the so-called Stapel fibre. Strictly speaking, Stapel fibre is not a war-time invention, the process having been used in Germany before the war in connection with artificial silk. This process has been evolved by prying into the secrets of the silkworm, namely, by pressing the chemically dissolved pulp through a group of very fine nozzles, or discs, from which it issues in the shape of very fine threads. The process evolved during the war renders the manufacture of Stapel fibre much cheaper than that of artificial silk. By a special treatment before spinning the material, the glossy lustre typical of artificial silk is somewhat modified, and a material is obtained, which, in appearance, is more like alpaca wool. According to the different treatment of the fibre in the various factories, the material sometimes resembles cotton, and sometimes wool. Several applications have been attempted, the most promising of which appears to be that of a substitute for wool. When mixed with wool, Stapel fibre attains the qualities of whole woollen fabrics, and may well compete with the latter. The annual output of the German factories is now from 10,000 to 15,000 tons.

We have heard a great deal of the way in which the Germans use paper instead of cotton for clothing and bag making. The writer states that several factories turned to the making of paper yarn. This yarn was found useful for many purposes; it is made by cutting finished paper into narrow strips which, whilst in a moist state, are twisted into threads. The output at the end of the war was 200,000 tons per annum. Although used to replace cotton, it was more satisfactory when replacing jute fabrics.

In pre-war days the Germans relied upon Bauxite, a material found in France, for the manufacture of alumin-

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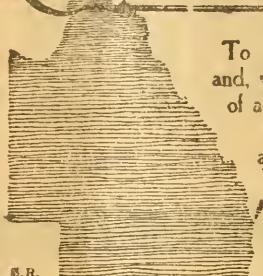
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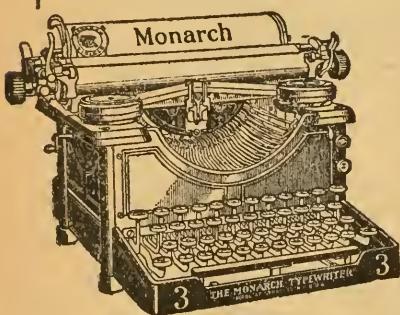


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ium. During the war, Bauxite deposits were found in Germany and Austria, and, in future, the German aluminium industry will use only material from home sources. In the engineering in-

dustry, the lack of raw materials was severely felt, but many substitutes were devised. Not a few of these are likely to be of permanent benefit to the country and the world.

THE "REVOLUTION" IN ITALY.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about Italy lately, and an attempt to portray the real Italy, beneath the mass of inaccuracies and rumours, is made in *The New World* by Signor Emanuele Prezzolini, the editor of *La Voce*. He dismisses the notion that the "revolution" in Italy is very different from the continuous revolution to be found in almost every European country since the outbreak of war.

There is a revolution in Italy as there is a revolution everywhere. There are the middle classes deposed from power, made poorer by an advance in prices exceeding the increase in their incomes. There are the new rich who occupy their places as the leading class. And everywhere there is the world of labour, advancing and conquering its position. In the rights of property and in respect to every social tie concessions are being made. But this, too, has been coming about for years. Contracts, requisitions, fixed prices, governmental decrees have convulsed the whole economic world. The family, public responsibilities, social values of all kinds—all have swiftly changed. We no longer look at the world with the same eyes as formerly. And all this development is still going on. If this is revolution, there is revolution even in Italy, as in other countries. It will continue. But if another kind of revolution is meant all those who know our country best will deny its existence.

Signor Prezzolini claims that the democracy of Italy is essential; it is rooted in the mentality and make-up of the nation. The qualities of strength, stability, and security, found in the common people of Italy, have never been equalled by anything found in their leaders. The trouble about Italy's ruling classes is that they have only personal interests. That is offset by the finer grain in the common folk. It is these qualities, and the personality of the people by which the country must be judged, not political triumphs.

Many people abroad have ascribed great importance to the large numbers of votes obtained by the Socialist and Catholic parties

respectively in the last general election in Italy. There is an importance in these, but it is not what one imagines. The election of 150 Socialists and 100 Catholics does not imply the existence in Italy of masses of people, possessed of the political convictions, and bound by the organisation of the party for which they voted. Italy is a country of opinions rather than of convictions, still less organisations. Her individual citizens are sufficiently developed politically. They take part in political life as persons who think and form judgments for themselves. From such an electorate the swiftest changes can come, the greatest, the most unexpected variations. Personal feeling has more influence than obedience to one's party. And at moments when, to outside observers, Italy appears to be on the edge of Bolshevism, nothing is further from Bolshevik excesses than the great majority of the Italian people, composed as it is for the most part of peasants.

The ruling classes, he goes on to say, have squandered the fruits of the victory obtained for them by the masses. The position is rendered more acute in Italy by the conceit of its rulers, and the weakness of the Allies. Like the rest of Europe, Italy had generals who did not wish to be sent home, diplomats who pretended to fool other countries, armament manufacturers whose greed was enough to plunge that country into another war. If there are any transgressors in Italy they are not to be found among the people. The Italian people, he adds, are disgusted with the rulers who failed to obtain either a moral or diplomatic success, even though they managed to gain a military victory. The moral is that, left to themselves, the ruling class is helpless.

The Italian people is profoundly democratic. Italy is among those countries with the greatest amount of effective liberty in the world. To-day the Italian people feels that there is serious injustice in the Treaty of Versailles; it involuntarily entertains sentiments of sympathy for the conquered and oppressed. Not so much for recent enemies, but also for those who, now neither enemies nor friends, thought well to withdraw from the struggle, as the Russians, for example,

those who appear at present to be suffering for having applied the principles of freedom, self-determination and independence—principles of which our governments made use to keep the men in the trenches for four years. Italy is thus taking up again her old role of holding the balance between two groups of Powers.

There is a real danger, according to Signor Prezzolini, in the peace making, which may upset the best laid schemes of Versailles. In fact, the whole article, while it deals primarily with the condition of Italy, keeps on insisting upon the precautions that must be taken to strengthen and make permanent the peace of Europe. Europe must be democratised. The democracies of the world won the war, and democracy must decide the peace. Unless the countries concerned are democratic in spirit and aim, any alliance will be merely a Treaty of Statesmen, and have no basis in the will of the people. Something very like the old conditions that prevailed between 1892 and 1900 will begin again on the European stage, with Italy the instrument of peace. The new Italy that is springing up will be yet more pacific in her intentions. It is with the new Italy that Europe must reckon.

The country is undergoing a transformation. A new country is uprising. New men are appearing on the stage of public life. The peasant classes, who are the true foundation of the country, are beginning to manifest a will of their own, after having been subjected to, and obscured by, the more numerous and better organised, but numerically and morally less important, industrial and labouring classes. It is a testing time, a time of secret agreements, when groups set out to find the right path. She asks nothing better than to come to a good understanding with the other nations of the *Entente*, but to go ahead in her own way. The unanimous vote in the Italian Chamber a short time ago for a renewal of relations with all the *de facto* governments of Russia was an invitation to the nations of the *Entente*, not a dissociation from them. The Italian people is not Bolshevik, but it does not desire to see the collapse of other nations who, through disasters and mistakes, are seeking their own path, as Italy also seeks hers.

The democracies of Europe must understand this real Italy—which is not necessarily reflected in the movements of the Government. The change that has swept the country may be called a “revolution,” although the word is liable to mis-reading. “But if so,” adds Signor Prezzolini, “we desire to express the wish that the revolution should not remain limited to Italy.”

SOVIETISM IN GERMANY.

In a large factory in Germany, employing some 5,700 hands, the extremists got control, elected a revolutionary factory council, marched to the administration building, and presented an ultimatum to the management. This was promptly rejected, whereupon they turned out the management and took charge of things themselves. The management thereupon declared the factory closed, and all workmen were discharged by a notice in the papers. Some 2,000, however, ignored this action and went on working in the factory which was kept going after a fashion from day to day. When the pay-day came around, however, there was no money forth-

coming for wages, and some of the workers began to doubt the wisdom of the experiment. The workers who had not returned to the factory commenced negotiating with the management and clashes, in consequence, occurred between them and the extremists. When the next pay-day came round and there was still no money for wages, the extremists were obliged to open negotiations. They accepted every condition laid down by the management, even agreeing to the dismissal of all the members of the Revolutionary Council. This inability to provide the money for wages has proved fatal to the extremists all over Germany.

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DUE WEST.

(Continued from page 20.)

"Well, you know I was a bit taken back. I suppose there are chaps who make a study of dead men, but it never was a particular hobby of mine. I told him so, and he assured me, 'Not that he's quite dead yet!'

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Bloke who turned up yesterday," he answered. "Abul Khan brought him in. Didn't you pass the camels? That blasted Afghan's the curse of my life," he answered. "And Ben let himself go. Someone boasted to me once that he could swear for a quarter of an hour without repeating himself. Ben didn't keep on that long, but there were no repetitions. When he got over it, he told me that Abul Khan had come to the Bone on the previous afternoon with a white man roped to a camel. 'The bloke was very bad—unconscious—close up dead, what could I do? I had to take him in.'

"At his request I went round to the back and had a look. The man was about forty, I should say; a well set-up chap in city clothes, lying there amongst the broken grog cases, with a strip of old iron to shelter him from the sun. His face was not nice to look at. I've seen men knocked out after a five weeks' spree, and they're not pictures, but this was worse. He'd certainly been drugged. It's easy enough to tell if you know the signs, and surely I—" Brown checked himself. He had been about to lift a corner of the veil that hides the past lives of many men who wander in the north. But his listeners made no comment, and he went on.

"I wanted to be alone with him, and Ben was only too glad to take the hint. He went away and told Sam to return to camp without me. After a time I managed to bring the man round. Whether he had drugged himself or had been someone else's victim I couldn't tell, but the business had been done with clumsy thoroughness. Away from all appliances, the case was hopeless.

"He was conscious for a couple of hours, and then failed slowly like the flame of a candle that has burnt to the end. No pain, no resistance, just a light getting weaker and weaker till, just be-

fore it goes out for ever, it flames up bright and clear, then suddenly sinks. He told me things about himself, though lots of it wasn't clear—a dying man tries to crowd too much into such a time as that. The speed of the mind, when the body has ceased to hinder it, is tremendous, like it is in a dream when a complicated set of actions are mentally performed in the winking of an eye-lid. He didn't understand that my mind wasn't as clear as his was. Besides, I hadn't had an unbroken night for three weeks, and was desperately tired.

"But certain things I did find out, for he told me them again and again. He had been water-drawing away out on the edge of Beaumaris Station, Beaumaris, mind you. Fancy calling a cattle station in Central Australia by a name like that! A woman had been with him. A white woman; yes, a white woman. No one knew about it, for they hadn't got out by the ordinary track. After they'd been there for three years he had had to go away for something. The track was too bad for the woman to travel; or did he mean that she was not well enough to take the trip? Think of it; a white woman out in that God-forsaken spot through a three years' drought, and then couldn't get away when the chance came! He was very excited. There was something he especially wanted to tell me, but when I started to ask him questions he got annoyed. He couldn't understand that my brain was not so active as his. It was a secret he wanted the woman to know; someone had drugged him to try and find it out. He knew he was dying, but everything would be all right if only the woman knew the secret. It was hidden near his camp; I risked everything to get that clear. His intense excitement probably shortened his life by an hour or two, but what did it matter? the living are more important than the dead.

"Then I watched him die. It was just like a fly-wheel slowing down. The machinery of his body was in perfect order, but the motive power was giving out, and the momentum of life gradually decreased. I've never seen a man die as quietly as that, though I've had some experience of that sort of thing. In the bush—only in the bush, you understand"—he added hurriedly.

His listeners understood, but they didn't say so. One bushman does not pry into another's past and, if an unintentional hint is let drop, he disregards it.

"The horses rushed again that night; I got back to camp about mid-night. I had some difficulty in finding it, for they dared not light a big fire in case of startling the horses. But what muddled me, I expect, was the thought of that white woman alone out there in the desert. I can't say I fully believed all I heard, but I could not get her off my mind. Sam didn't want me to go on watch, but I couldn't sleep, so I went on at about three. They rushed in my watch. The camp was on that huge plain just north of Bone Creek, and there was nothing whatever to startle them, but they made off suddenly and all together as if the devil was after them, and galloped west—due west. I rode with them for two hours before I turned the lead, and in my mind was the thought, 'We're going towards the white woman on the far edge of Beaumaris Station!' It's queer why a man comes to a particular decision, but, as I tailed the horses back to camp in the dawn of a blazing day, I decided to go out west and find that woman.

"I went; I put Sam Blucher in charge, took a pack-horse and a black-boy and cleared out."

He paused and knocked the ashes out of his cold pipe. Tenkes handed over his plug and knife, and for a few minutes Brown was absorbed in cutting up a fill. Flannigan said, "Deuced bad track, that: I never quite got there; chased a nigger out that way once, but he turned north this side of Beaumaris."

"Yes, it's a bad track all right," agreed Brown, pulling a blazing twig out of the fire and lighting his pipe, "and that year it was especially bad. It seemed to me, as I rode along, that the woman was a castaway, washed up on a barren shore, cut off from the rest of the world by a sea of sand and always scanning the horizon for a sign of rescue. I found the camp, just as the dead man had described it—only worse. The sandhills ran right across my line of travel, and were so high that it was quite impossible to see further than the top of the next

one. I came upon the camp unexpectedly—a tin hut surrounded by black's wurleys near a windmill, set down in the midst of the most desolate sandhills. Not a sign of green or a patch of shade for miles. The iron of that little hut shone in the sun like white-hot metal. It hurt the eyes to look at it and was all the more distinct because of the hand shadow which it threw, and because of the jumble of filthy hovels which surrounded that brilliant point of light. She was evidently living with a tribe of blacks.

"My horses were thirsty and I went straight to the troughs. They were broken, and so was the windmill, and the tank was empty. It looked as if a whirlwind had wrecked the mill and no one had even attempted to repair it or to give the cattle any water, for dried carcasses and bones lay all round the place. The windlass was rickety but usable, so the boy and I set to work to draw water for the horses. The well was a hundred and fifty feet deep. Have you ever tried water-drawing when you're dead beat? Pleasant occupation, isn't it? While we were thus engaged, the first sign of life appeared; an old naked lubra came out of the hut and walked slowly towards us. She got half way and stopped, and, after standing for a few minutes, squatted down and stared at us, for all the world like a watch dog.

"I sent my boy over towards her, but she made a sign that he understood, and he came back quickly. 'Me can't know um that one lubra!' he said in an agitated voice, 'Why—what name?' I asked. 'She——' and he used that word which meant she was a woman whom no man of his tribe might look at. He was so much in earnest that I went over to see her myself. She didn't stand up at first, but squatted there in all her squalid ugliness, and everything I said to her was answered by a waving motion of her arm as if to bar my way.

"I was just going to walk past her to the hut, when she sprang to her feet with surprising agility and began to yabber and gesticulate in a most excited manner. My boy called out. 'No go up there, Misser Brown; No go up there!' in such a tone of alarm that I turned back to the mill where he was hiding. The old lubra squatted down

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at once and stared at me as before. 'What name, Scarry?' I asked the boy. 'White missus up there!' he answered, in an awed voice. 'Yes, I know all about that,' I said. 'No go up! No go up!' he entreated me; then he whispered, 'White missus have piccaninny by-'em-by.'

"That was why I couldn't go up to the hut. The white woman was going to have a child. Think of it! The desolate, barren, dead desert was to become a cradle, and the nurse, a naked filthy savage! I stood stock still in sheer amazement, and at once, as though in disproof of my thoughts, I seemed to hear sounds on all sides of me. The desolation was full of creatures waiting to be born; the barrenness was crying out for fruitifying rain; the surface of the desert seemed to move as if a thousand latent forms of life were stirring in their sleep. I knew then, in a moment of perfect understanding, that there is nothing barren or virginal in intention; that the silence of the desert was a little sleep, a refreshing pause, between one of the earth's days and another."

Brown stopped talking and looked at the fire, and from the darkness came a breath, a sleepy sign, which fanned the embers into flame. Then a dingo howled; a chattering laugh rising higher and higher and ending in a crescendo of wild derision.

"The mood passed," continued Brown, "and I saw nothing but the intense light of that iron roof, the evil-smelling hovels around it. The lubra sat there motionless, not even blinking at the sun; my boy was hiding behind the empty tank; the horses began to move away from the well, and roused me to the present necessity. I made camp behind a sand-hill, out of sight of the hut, but not more than a couple of hundred yards away from it. As it was still early afternoon, I told Scarry to hobble the horses near, while I rode off to see if the second part of the dead man's tale was as true as the first. I had a queer feeling as if he was with me. What I had just experienced had stung me awake from the illusion of weariness, heat and all the discomfort of desert travel, to the tremendous reality of life that goes on in spite of everything.

"I rode, according to his directions, a few points west of due north-west. I



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had crossed three high sandhills when, over the brow of the next, a tribe of blacks appeared—men, women and children—about twenty of them. They stopped when they saw me, and began to yabber excitedly. They were evidently sandhill blacks, the lowest of all the native tribes—thin spindle stunted men, and hollow chested women, marked all over their bodies with the deep scars of totem signs. They carried boomerangs and hunting spears, and the women were loaded with roots and dead lizards, and one old woman had a rabbit, which she was so proud of that she held it up in front of her for everyone to see. That was the first rabbit I had seen for three years, and I bet it was as dry and tough as the old girl who had caught it. I rode past without saying anything. There was a gasp of surprised relief when they saw I wasn't going to interfere with them, and, though I didn't look back, I'm sure they hurried to camp with their spoils in case I changed my mind.

"I found the post he spoke of. It looked as if it had once been the corner of a stock-yard, but everything else was gone except this old post and an iron tank, half buried in the sand beside it. The tank was upside down and the bottom gone, whether destroyed by intention or decay I don't know, for the whole thing was just a shell that you could put your foot through anywhere. I hitched my horse to the post and climbed in; there was an inch or so of sand in it, but I soon found what I was looking for—a round metal plate bolted to the iron as if to stop a leak. But the thing was made of brass, plate, bolts, screws, and all; and the screws were not the ordinary ones that you need a spanner for, but thumbscrews. Fancy brass fittings and thumb screws in an old tank! Of course, there was nothing to rust or stick, and it worked as easily as if someone had just been there before me.

"I tell you I was a bit excited. I hadn't really believed the man, but here was everything just as he told me. One doesn't expect elaborate, almost melodramatic, secrecy in the desert; there's no need for it. I lifted the round plate off and saw a hole just large enough for a cash-box—an ordinary japanned tin

cash-box, fastened with a strap. He had mentioned that too. The strap was made of green-hide. He had told me there were valuables in the box, and a secret for the woman, but what the valuables were he had been too far gone to explain.

"I took the box out, undid the strap, and opened the lid. I don't know what I expected to see, but I was tremendously disappointed. There was just an envelope with the name of a woman on it; nothing else. I took the envelope up and felt several thicknesses of paper with something hard inside, about the thickness of a pencil and the length of the first joint of my thumb. It was none of my business, so I just put the envelope in my shirt and cleared out.

"I got very little sleep that night. The blacks were holding corroboree round the hut; they lit a huge fire—it was the height of summer, mind you—cooked the lizards and things, and danced and shouted till nearly dawn. I could have stopped the row in a moment with a rifle shot, but I was afraid of scaring the white woman. I watched them from the sandhill; they looked like a lot of fiends; their swaying bodies glistened with grease and sweat and shone weirdly in the blaze. At times they crouched in the sand, muttering with a sound like distant wind; then words would gradually shape themselves, fierce and obscene, and the motions of the black bodies would become more and more distinct, till they were all on their feet tossing their limbs like branches in a gale and uttering long-drawn ear-splitting cries.

"And during all this a white child was born!"

Brown put his fingers into his pouch again and pulled out something which he handed to Flannigan. "That's what was in the letter," he said.

"Why, it's a doll!" exclaimed the amazed trooper; and it was a little white china doll about an inch long, such as children find in Christmas stockings.

"I gave the envelope to my—to the mother," went on Brown, meditatively, and—I stayed there for a bit. I cleared the tribe of niggers right away. That little doll was the child's first toy; she's

a girl, a bonny kid of twelve, now. . . . We called her Beaumaris for the middle name. . . . Her mother wanted to remember, and I—,” Brown smiled a slow and very beautiful smile—“Why should I want to forget?”

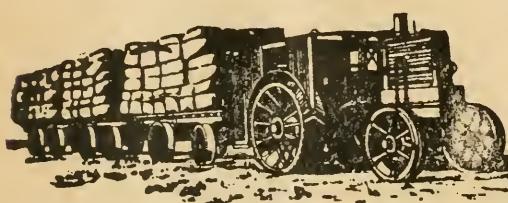
ESPERANTO NOTES.

The great international fairs which are being held in various countries are a sign of Europe's attempt to find its feet again commercially. Buyers from many lands are present at these fairs, and the language problem has again made itself felt. The organisers of the first fair of Frankfort-on-the-Main made use of Esperanto in an experimental way, and were apparently satisfied with the result, for the invitations for the following fair have been issued in Esperanto as well as in other languages. Esperanto has also been availed of by the authorities of the Helsingfors (Finland) Fair and Trades Exhibition, and of the Basle (Switzerland) fair, for advertising and official communications. Other commercial undertakings of a similar nature in which Esperanto has been recognised of late are the fairs of Leipzig and Lyons. The commercial world, following the

lead of the educational world, is finding that Esperanto has a distinct practical value.

The Portuguese Government has shown its approval of Esperanto on various occasions and has afforded various facilities to the Esperanto organisations of Portugal. The Minister of Commerce has agreed to have Esperanto taught in the commercial school of Ferreira Borges. There is also an Esperanto course at the Pedro Nunes commercial school in Lisbon; the course is not compulsory, but is recommended by the Minister of Education. During the war, owing to the volume of Esperanto correspondence, an Esperantist censor was appointed, and Esperanto was placed on the list of permitted languages.

Readers of STEAD'S interested in Esperanto, should communicate with the nearest Esperanto centre, at any of these addresses:—Box 741, Elizabeth Street P.O., Melbourne; “Edna,” Clissold Parade, Campsie, Sydney; “Bonvenu,” O’Mara Street, Lutwyche, Brisbane; 60 Roebuck Street, West Adelaide; 42 Temple Street, Victoria Park, Perth; 97 Park Street, Hobart; and 84 Tory Street, Wellington.



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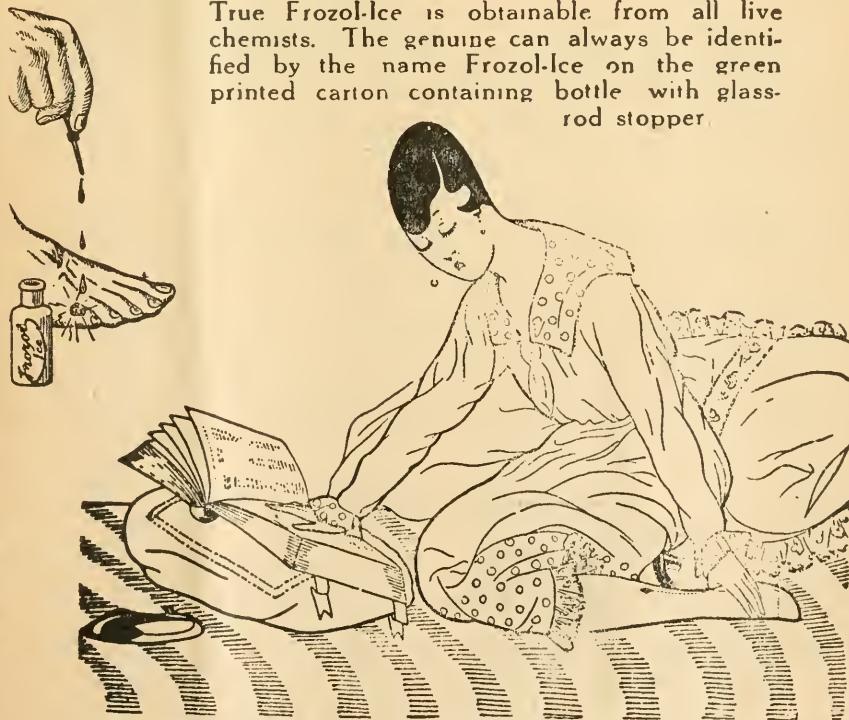
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FINANCIAL NOTES.

The market during the past fortnight has not been more in favour of buyers. The situation that has arisen is one about which warning has already been given. The inflow of money due to the lavish expenditure by the Commonwealth Government as the result of war commitments, is now coming to an end. There is still the inflation arising out of a surplusage of currency. Another factor that has operated, perhaps more intensely, for the moment, than the one already alluded to, is the uneasiness occasioned by the trouble with Mr. Watt. The official explanations given have only tended to cause further questioning as to the financial outlook of Australia. The first indication of how strongly sentiment had been affected was shown by the sales of war loan stocks. Then came the statement that in all probability a big Commonwealth loan would have to be floated here, instead of London furnishing a considerable portion of any money that was needed. With the interest rate what it is, people began first of all to sell the 4½ per cent. stocks. Then came the quittances of the longer dated 5 per cents., with the result that those due 1927 dropped to £90, at which rate the return, including redemption, became equal to nearly 7 per cent.

With a stock like that furnishing such a return, it had to be expected that the general investment market would feel the effects. This has not been so marked as some dealers expected. All the same, there is not the same strength in the buying noticeable a short time since. The restriction placed upon the handling of the war gratuity issue has been more effective in keeping off the market bonds issued to soldiers, than a good many people had expected. The mining market has had very few bright spots. Broken Hill Proprietary shares at one time got down to about 61s., but since they have fluctuated within a margin of about 5s. above that figure. Other Broken Hill shares, and all the copper group, have been flat. There has been somewhat of a revival in some of the Hampton Plains scrip, because of fair mining developments, but the boom is over.

6½ PER CENT. MONEY.

The Labour Premier of New South Wales is sounding a note of alarm over the possibility of borrowers who go to London having to pay as high as 8 per cent. for accommodation. This statement comes after the State has arranged for a loan of £2,500,000 at 6½ per cent. After all, why should there be any bewailing on the part of the politicians of New South Wales because rates are up? It is hard to understand the complaining of those who go hence to borrow, that there is no eager mass of capitalists in London and New York to respond to every demand of the prodigal sons of the British Empire. What is anomalous, for instance, is that States like Victoria and South Australia should have to suffer because of the lavishness and the carelessness in finance of the two northern States of the Commonwealth. The fact remains that the whole of Australia has to be viewed as carrying a sufficient debt for its present population apart from that incurred for war purposes. Then too, the attitude of people in power to British interests in the matter of the prohibition of imports, and the land legislation of Queensland, are pin pricks about which a great deal of feeling has been shown in financial circles in London, despite the generous recognition there of the part Australia played in the war, and the way in which it put products at the disposal of the British authorities. There is grim satisfaction that there should be difficulty about further borrowing. So far as redemptions loans go, there may be ground for dismay that they should have to be renewed at high rates of interest, but it must not be overlooked that the British Government also has to pay for money. If so, why not a dependency! One important result of the situation must be to restrict wholesale spending on the part of the Treasurers—Federal and State. The best thing that can happen for Australia is that there shall be a lessening of State employment, so that men perforce shall have to get away from the Government stroke, and render, under private oversight, the efficiency they

should give. The lesson of thrift has to be repeated to public officials. With money difficult to obtain, there will be an increase of taxation. Still, how small our direct taxation is alongside the £14 7s. per head collected from the population of the United Kingdom.

ROBERT HARPER AND CO.

Once upon a time the head of this firm was a leading politician of Victoria, and the company that bears his name is a legacy of his Scotch shrewdness in the world of trade. He aspired in a domain where there were few competitors, and forged ahead in Victoria up to the time of federation. Then his firm was fully equipped to take the benefits of the wider scope afforded by the creation of the Commonwealth. Up to 1913 the company was a proprietary concern, but in that year it was converted into its present form as a limited company, with a capital of £500,000 in £1 shares. Of these 150,000 are cumulative preference, and have been issued. There are 240,000 ordinary shares, of which 155,000 went to the vendors, leaving 85,000 that were paid up in cash, while 10,000 "B" shares also paid to £1 were issued. Net profits for the past three years have been very satisfactory. In 1917 and 1918 they approximated £39,000, and for the last year amounted to the larger sum of £45,809, this record beating that of 1916 by £4400. So the board has been able to pay the dividends on the three classes of shares, as this demanded £30,196 and to add £9000 yearly to the reserves. There are some interesting variations in the company's last two balance sheets. They do not affect the fixed assets. Stock in trade, which is given at "not exceeding cost"—note the phrase—has fallen from £234,710 to £174,525. So, sundry debtors have moved up from £142,606 to £190,418. This is exclusive of an increase of £6600 in bills receivable. On the other side, while the amount due to bankers now stands at £21,674—a decrease of nearly £50,500—bills payable have increased by £15,000, and sundry creditors represent the sum of £105,764, against £72,103 a year ago. The company owes about £31,000 for deposits, or about the

same amount as for some years past, and it has an employees' profit sharing fund, which now amounts to about £18,000. The company is one that has a fine trade standing. The figures of the balance sheet show that it knows how to take care of itself, even if that fact were not well testified to by its competitors.

COMMERCIAL BANK OF AUSTRALIA.

Shareholders of this bank were not at all surprised that the directors of the Commercial Bank of Australia should seek to obtain the inclusion in the articles of association power for the company to increase its capital, for it has been whispered in the market for some time that a scheme was under consideration to involve something of the kind. But the directors definitely say that the "method and the time of making any increase have not yet been decided upon." They also point out that the amount and the conditions of any proposed issue of new capital must be submitted to, and be sanctioned by, the shareholders before it can be carried out. This seems to be a perfectly fair situation, but all the same, it is a pity that the directors do not state whether they intend to consider the grievances ventilated from time to time by the preference shareholders, at the limitation of their dividend to 4 per cent. upon £10, the amount of their shares. These shares represent the deposits of the old bank, and were used at the time of the reconstruction to provide the institution with the capital it required to carry on. The possession of this money has been of the utmost service during the period of recovery since then. It has not been forgotten that the voting power allowed the preference shareholders was some time ago much modified, and that the ordinary shareholders have practically the same power to settle the fate of the bank as the preference shareholder. Yet these have capital in the company amounting to £2,117,350, as compared with £95,659, the capital of the ordinary shareholders. The opportunity for the preference shareholder to insist that his voting power shall be proportionate to his capital interest ought to be utilised.

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Obtainable from most Chemists and Stores throughout the Commonwealth and N.Z.

Use Hean's Tonic Nerve Nuts

When you feel run down.



DOES MY LADY KNOW THAT.



Dark people as a general rule, have more difficulty in wearing black and white than have fair, but it is only necessary to study the French use of this combination to show that it is all a matter of arrangement? An exceedingly becoming arrangement, particularly for dark people, is the combination of black—preferably dull black—with fine

embroidered overdresses the colour of old lace, or with tunics made of filet lace, or both combined. One disadvantage of these laces and embroideries is that they very easily look tumbled. This is largely a matter of attention, but to look really well they need that attention more than do most things.

For thin black dresses, crepe-de-chine and charmeuse at once leap to the mind. They are not necessarily the most effective, the sheer beauty of the stuff itself militating against their effect when made up. Also they are so limp that the average dress-maker is not at her best when manipulating them.

Black georgette, which is less slippery, is one of the most becoming materials ever invented, and it can be made up charmingly with white or cream. An original black georgette dress is made up on black muslin—black Jap silk would also do well—and it opens upon a vest of softest dead cream silk, which vest is continued right down the front to the bottom of the skirt. Collars and cuffs are lined with cream and closely pleated, so that the white only shows in the close zig-zags. At the sides are quasi-pockets, also pleated and showing the thin zig-zag line of white. These pleatings of doubled stuff are uncommonly

pretty, and are sometimes enhanced by a minute touch of red, introduced by way of the buttons or a little flower.

Really crisp and fresh and expensive looking—but not expensive—are the new black taffetas dresses with white or cream fittings? Now, black taffetas can look the very essence of mourning. Or it can look just as gay and smart.

The newer between-dresses are all being made with rather straight, close bodices, elbow sleeves, and skirts not really full about the hips, but seemingly fuller than at the base? Some of them are being made with elbow sleeves, plain and straight, but with high collars. Into the sleeves and high collar is inserted a wide white georgette collar, picoted or whipped round the edge. Thus the head springs out of the collar rather as a flower emerges from wide-opened sepals. Sometimes the collar is a closely pleated frill, which stands out more or less at right angles to the high collar. For small faces this is exceedingly attractive.

The taffetas dress itself has little trimming beyond occasional quilling. The general idea is rather Louise Quinze, especially when taken in conjunction with a tight neat coiffure, following the lines, not necessarily of the particular head, but of an ideal head, with plenty of back to it, but it is Louise Quinze without any of its exaggerations, except perhaps as regards shoes. These are still immensely high-heeled and garnished with ribbons or buckles on an imposing scale.

Comparatively few frocks with wired pannier effects were shown at a recent exhibition of models in London? Skirts were generally of a reasonable length, and in a great many of the frocks two materials were combined. Some had a one-sided pannier effect, and a smart black evening frock had a narrow train on each side lined with metallic tissue. Lace, especially tambour lace or filet, was used successfully as a tunic or drapery over dark-coloured or light satin. Of all

the bright colours a vivid cerise was perhaps the most popular.

Coats and skirts show no very striking change in cut, though the very large square pockets are new? The collars are not cut so high at the back as they were last year. The novelty of the tailored costumes was in the materials. One exhibitor showed very smart coats and skirts of coloured cloth with narrow black stripes two inches apart.

If a lemon is heated thoroughly before squeezing, it will yield nearly double the quantity of juice otherwise obtainable?

Milk stains on table linen can be avoided by smearing a little butter under the lip of cream jug?

To clean a cloth garment, no matter how delicate the colour, spread it flat on a wide table, covering the table first with several thicknesses of old sheet so that the friction will not be so sharp as to injure the smoothness of the surface of the material? Crush at least a quart of table salt with a rolling pin, and run it through a sieve so that the consistency will be almost that of powder. Sprinkle a thin layer of salt over the garment, and with a soft pad rub the salt into the cloth. Never rub up and down or around in circles, rub with long sweeping strokes the downward way of the garment. An old linen handkerchief, man's size, makes the most desirable pad with which to rub in the salt. After the entire garment has been gone over, with possibly the most soiled portions being given a second rubbing, slip the garment on a coat hanger against the wall, or against some solid substance, and with a stiff clothes-brush clean out all the salt. Lay a paper on the floor to receive the salt that is brushed out, and when you see the black colour of it you will realise how thoroughly it cleans.

Any white or very light-coloured garment of wool fabric cleans best with finely ground rice? The same process is used as with the salt, only let the rice remain in for several hours before brushing out. If you do not own a coffee-mill in which to grind the rice fine enough to clean with, your grocer will do this for you. Be sure and do your cleaning out-of-doors or else your room will receive a coating of rice powder, and your hair also unless you protect it.

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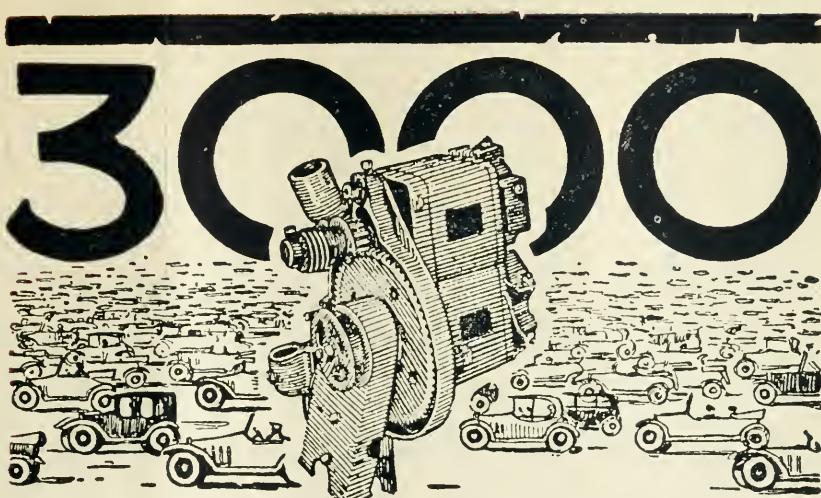
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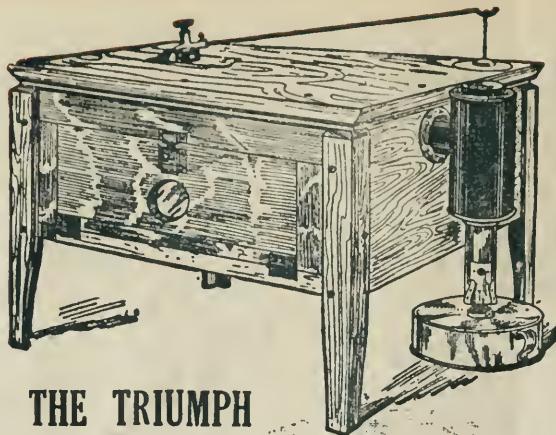


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